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THE

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OF

LITERATURE AND ART.



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FOUNDED 1862.

The objects of the MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB are :—

1. To encourage the pursuit of Literature and Art; to promote research in the several departments of intellectual work; and to further the interests of Authors and Artists in Lancashire.
2. To publish from time to time works illustrating or elucidating the literature, art, and history of the county.
3. To provide a place of meeting where persons interested in the furtherance of these objects can associate together.

The methods by which these objects are sought to be obtained are :—

1. The holding of weekly meetings, from October to April, for social intercourse, and for the hearing and discussion of papers.
2. The publication of such papers, at length or abridged, in a Magazine, entitled the *Manchester Quarterly*, as well as in an annual volume of Transactions; and of other work undertaken at the instance of the Club, including a projected series of volumes dealing with local literature.
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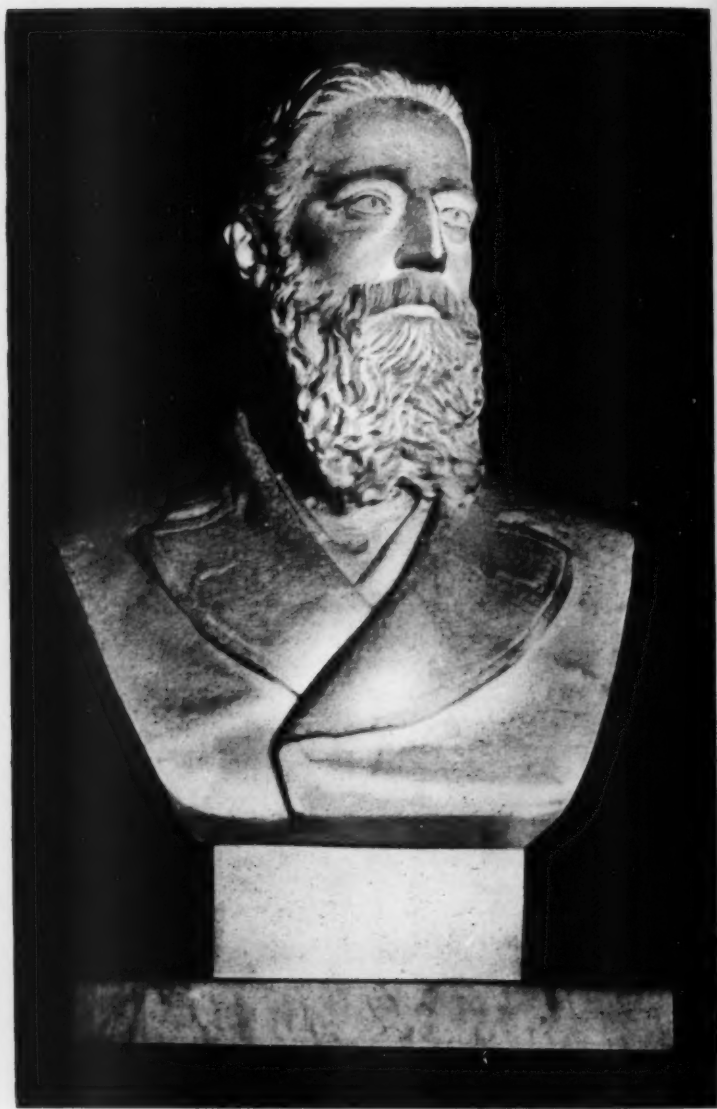
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RICHARD JEFFERIES.

From a Photograph of the Memorial Bust in Salisbury Cathedral.







CONCERNING RICHARD JEFFERIES AND ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE.

By GEORGE H. BELL.

THERE are few words in common everyday use which have a wider meaning than the word country. As distinguished from town, it is applied to all places beyond the boundaries of town and city. It is used to designate the suburb, which lies

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it

and also that far-away spot, so remote that its inhabitants forget to notice the passage of time or mark the days of the week.

Differing widely as these do, yet is the same word applied to both, and, to judge by their conversation, some men see little difference between them. "If it is not town," say they, "it must of necessity be country." To others, however, the word has a narrower meaning and its boundaries are much more circumscribed. Without attempting to define it too minutely it must, to such, possess at least three qualifications before it can claim to be considered a genuine country district. It must lie beyond the sphere of direct influence from city or large town, be free from manufactories, and it should be possible

to touch its timber without suffering smoke defilement. If you add to these comparative freedom from ordinary tourists and trippers so much the better. There are still many districts in England which fulfil all these requirements, and may therefore fairly claim to be considered as genuine country districts.

The direct influence of the town is very far-reaching and constantly on the increase. In ever-growing circles it spreads itself year by year, and threatens in time to cover the whole land. The facility of communication between town and country, especially since the advent of the bicycle and motor car, has had a marked effect upon many village communities. They have lost much of their former charm, and, after the manner of hybrids, have a tendency to reproduce the worst characteristics of both progenitors. The planting of even a single manufactory in a rural district at once changes its character, and brings in its train a host of concomitants which are entirely foreign to the true life of the country. However quietly the various manufacturing processes may there be carried on they invariably produce sights and sounds (and smells) which are out of harmony with their surroundings. To be awakened in the country by a steam whistle is as incongruous as is the tall shaft of a mill chimney or the rattle of the loom shed; and cinder paths would spoil an Elysium. Smoke from a great city is a most insidious nuisance, and many a lovely spot is defiled by it almost unconsciously. The birch bark in Arran will discover the smoke of Glasgow, but the ash tree bole in Borrowdale is, as yet, white and smokeless.

Most of us have ideas on what the country should be, and the word conjures up many and varied pictures. To the city man, worn out with the rush and bustle of his daily life, the prominent thought in connection with it is

one of quietness and rest. Here he may for a time cease from his labours and enjoy those quiet sights and sounds which are not to be found in the town. He looks for certain healing qualities in the country, and confidently expects to be refreshed by his sojourn therein. He is frequently tempted to retire to it, only to find in many instances that temporary pleasures pall when they become permanent, and he has to admit that his life has not fitted him for his new environment. The country-bred man who has drifted into town views it with different eyes. He never entirely forgets his boyhood days and his country lore, and retains to the end his interest in country matters. As he journeys from place to place he mechanically notes the condition of the crops, and criticises the cattle. Just as a manufacturer's eye at once detects the "reediness" in a piece of cloth, and never gets beyond the fault, so a countryman's eye instinctively falls on the faulty furrow and rests there. In springtime he sees the wheat bear witness to the shortcomings of the drill man which through winter have escaped detection. In autumn the scent from the turnip fields has a strange fascination for him, almost sufficient at times to bring him perilously near the poacher's cell. And in summer the growing crops possess an attraction of which he is scarcely conscious when in town. The fields yellow with charlock have no charm for him, and poppyland, however bright and beautiful it may be, is only, from an agricultural point of view, an abomination. If in his youth his surroundings have been of a sporting turn he never frees himself entirely from them, but from the carriage windows he scans the country over, and detects the hare or pheasant cowering in the grass or stubble, and as he is whirled through the Midlands rapidly calculates the line he should take after hounds—a line which one may fairly assume is

generally straighter in imagination than ever it was in fact. At times the tyranny of the footpath becomes almost unbearable to him, and he yearns for the freedom of the fields, but the habits of long years are too strong for him, and as a rule *his* return to the land results in failure.

To many men the country and country life offer no attractions. We all remember the Londoner whose first occupation in the country was to consult a "Bradshaw" for the next returning train; and Du Maurier's overworked seamstress thought the country bad enough even in fine weather, to say nothing of it in wet. Her feelings are shared by many who perhaps have not the courage to confess their weakness.

To all who are interested in country matters Richard Jefferies appeals strongly. To the townsman desirous of acquiring or increasing a country knowledge he is indispensable, whilst to the countryman he recalls past experiences, and in many directions offers fresh information.

There are country districts *and* country districts. Even granting the qualifications I have named, the country varies largely in its degrees of rusticity. These are mainly dependent upon the nature of the intersecting roads, for of necessity those living near the main roads (the old coach roads) see more of life than their neighbours along the by-roads, and are influenced accordingly. Then come the dwellers by the field-roads, which are still more remote, and, finally, those whose lonely lot it is to live on moor and fell, where visitors are few indeed, and no one comes without set purpose. Of such a region there exists outside it the most superficial knowledge. Its outward features may be familiar, its geography and natural history well known, but the spirit of the country, that invisible essence which flavours its existence no casual

visitor can know. You might as well expect an ordinary everyday man to fathom the depths of Wagner or grasp the full meaning of a Turner after a cursory inspection.

Men go for a short summer holiday to some far away spot, and flatter themselves on their return that they know all about it. To know all there is to be known about *any* place you must live in it, must see it under all conditions, and take ample time over the study of its details.

This is especially so as regards country life. It is as unreasonable to suppose that the country will yield up its choicest secrets to the man who spends only a short time in it as that the globe trotter should really know the various countries through which he rushes. This does not imply that the visitor may not, and possibly often does, see more of the beauties of a place than the dweller himself; but I still maintain that to get all out of the country which it contains you must sojourn in it, and—if possible—be born and bred in it. "Bawn and bred in the briar patch Brer Fox, bawn and bred in the briar patch," said Brer Rabbit, and it is only those who are so born and bred who can be thoroughly familiar with all the intricacies of the locality. I cannot emphasise this too strongly. To know the country thoroughly in all its moods, under all conditions, at all seasons; its people, their manners, customs, habits, superstitions, folklore; its fauna and its flora, a man must be country born. So was Wordsworth, so were Gilbert White, Tennyson, Thoreau, Thomas Hardy and Richard Jefferies.

Before referring more fully to the latter, there is a common fallacy which I may briefly notice. It is that there has been little change in the country during the past hundred years. The changes of the nineteenth century were quite as much felt in the country as in the town.

The introduction of railways entirely altered its aspect,

but paradoxical as it may at first appear, the country in consequence of them became much quieter. The through traffic along the main high roads, which was much greater than we are accustomed to suppose, ceased. We may form some idea of the magnitude of this traffic from the inns in which it was accommodated. Both in their number and the conveniences they afforded for man and beast they indicate an amount of traffic which must have been very considerable. In addition to the coaches running to London, others ran between the large towns, often along the minor roads, and there was a constant succession along the main roads of post-chaises, goods waggons and equestrians. If to these are added the pedestrians and the large droves of sheep and cattle constantly using the roads, it is evident that there must have been plenty of movement at that period in the country.

The introduction of railways rapidly changed all this, but the immediate effect was to produce a period of quiescence. The great traffic along the roads had ceased, and travelling by train had not become common. The period between the introduction of railway travelling and the birth of the bicycle was perhaps the quietest which English country life has experienced for centuries. The roads were then merely used for local traffic, and the countryman had not become accustomed to frequent journeys by rail. Hitherto this fact has not been much noticed, nor its influence upon the country life of the period sufficiently estimated. There was, as it were, a lull in which the country was left to itself, and the intercourse between it and the town was very limited.

Jefferies refers slightly to this in "Round About a Great Estate," but it is necessary to bear it in mind when reading his books if we are rightly to understand them.

That particular period passed away, but, just as before the demolition of some old building, pictures of it are painted for future generations, so a series of word pictures of rural England in the middle of the nineteenth century have been handed down to us, which for accuracy of drawing, gracefulness of treatment and minuteness of detail are unrivalled. The hour, as usual, produced the man.

John Richard Jefferies, known to all the English speaking world as Richard Jefferies, was born at Coate, near Swindon, in Wiltshire, on November 6th, 1848. He came of a good yeoman stock, and his fore-elders had lived on the Coate farm for generations—sometimes as owners, sometimes as tenants. What his boyhood must have been we can gather from “Bevis” and “Wood Magic,” both of which are evidently (and largely) auto-biographical. There is little of note in his early life, with the exception of an attempted trip to the Continent. This broke down through his ignorance of the French language; and a second attempt, this time to visit America, had a similar result owing to lack of funds.

At the age of eighteen he began work as a journalist on the staff of the *North Wilts Herald*, and from that time until his death in 1887, his pen was never laid aside.

Of a solitary disposition, he wandered much throughout that district which was subsequently to be known as “Jefferies’ Land,” and acquired, during these wanderings, the groundwork of that knowledge with which he was afterwards to delight the world.

Like many another writer, it was some time before he discovered his own particular vocation. For years he thought it was the writing of novels, and he made repeated attempts in that direction. The most devoted of his admirers do not refer with pride to the “Scarlet Shawl”

or "Restless Human Hearts," and only read his later novels, such as "Amaryllis at the Fair," "Green Ferne Farm," or "The Dewy Morn," for the sake of some of the exquisite descriptions they contain.

Jefferies was incapable of working out a plot or manipulating his puppets, and his novels, regarded as novels, can only be considered failures.

In 1872 his letters on the "Wiltshire Labourers" appeared in the *Times* newspaper, and at once attracted attention as being the work of a man who was thoroughly master of his subject. Had they been judiciously followed up they might have proved the stepping stones to fortune. His Biographer (and eulogist), Sir Walter Besant, says of this:—

Always throughout the whole of his life Richard Jefferies wanted someone to advise him, and never so much as at this moment. He had this splendid chance and threw it away, not deliberately, but from ignorance and want of aptitude for business.

He continued to write articles on country matters for various magazines and newspapers. Many of these articles were afterwards collected and appeared in book form. In 1878 "The Gamekeeper at Home" was published, and with this book his name is most closely connected. In 1879 "Wild Life in a Southern County" appeared, and in the following year "Hodge and His Masters" and "Round About a Great Estate," and in 1881 "The Amateur Poacher."

In 1883 "The Story of My Heart" appeared, the work by which, according to some of his critics he will be known when his books on country life are forgotten. With this opinion I am not at present concerned. The "story," powerful as it is, and much as it bears upon Jefferies' life, does not come within the immediate scope of this article.

Including his "Handbook on Reporting," he published during his lifetime twenty-three works, and after his death two other volumes containing various reprinted articles appeared.

In December, 1881, he fell ill, and from that time until the end, which came on the 14th of August, 1887, his life was one continual struggle against the "three giants (to use his own words) "disease, despair and poverty."

Many of his finest papers were dictated from a sick bed, when racked with pain and lacking strength to lift his pen. In many ways the last few years of his life bear a strong resemblance to those of Robert Louis Stevenson, but with this in Stevenson's favour, that he was spared the pecuniary troubles and anxieties which bore so heavily upon Jefferies.

He had expressed a wish for his body to be cremated, and his ashes scattered over the Downs,, but he was buried at Broadwater, in Sussex, and five years after his death a bust of him was erected in Salisbury Cathedral. It records his name and the dates of his birth and death, and describes him as one "who, observing the works of Almighty God with a poet's eye, has enriched the literature of his country and won for himself a place among those who have made men happier and wiser."

I have hurriedly glanced at the main facts of Jefferies' life because they are all fully set forth in the "Eulogy," where they can be read by those who feel an interest in the man and his work. That this should have been written at all, and written so sympathetically by one who did not know Jefferies personally, is a strong proof of the hold which his books have taken on those who read them.

"I never looked upon the face of Richard Jefferies," says Besant. "This, now that it is too late, is to me a

deep and abiding sorrow. I always hoped some day to see him, and to tell him face to face what one *ought* to tell such a man; it is a plain duty to tell the truth to such a man—how greatly I admired and valued his work, with what joy I received it, with what eagerness I expected it, what splendid qualities I found in it, what instruction and elevation of soul I derived from it. I have never even seen this man, I was not a friend of his, I was not even a casual acquaintance, and yet I am writing his life."

I have said that Jefferies' childhood and youth, the period when he was most impressionable, was a peculiarly quiet one in English country life. Although Swindon was situated, on the main line of a great railway, it was not a place which then attracted many visitors. All the Great Western Railway trains stopped there by Act of Parliament, but few travellers went outside the station gates, and the region round about was quiet and thoroughly rural. People no more went for pleasure to Swindon than they go on that account to Crewe or Clapham Junction, and Jefferies was free to wander about the countryside to his heart's content. How he wandered is evidenced by his books, and the object must have been small indeed which escaped his searching, sympathetic glance.

For many generations his people had lived at Coate, and acquired a knowledge of country matters which doubtless was largely transmitted to Richard Jefferies. In him the concentrated wisdom of ages burst forth, and it found expression in his writings.

Turning to his books themselves, they may be divided into four classes. Novels, books of country life, children's stories, and the "Story of My Heart," which stands in a class alone.

The country life books may be again divided into those

dealing with a specific subject, such as "The Gamekeeper," "Hodge and His Masters," and "Red Deer"; and "Collected Essays," such as "Nature near London," "The Open Air," "The Life of the Fields."

"The Gamekeeper at Home" is the book by which he became known, and which must always be closely identified with him. It is the work which comes to one's mind whenever Jefferies' name is mentioned.

It purports to describe no particular gamekeeper, although the critic I have previously mentioned seems to think that it is largely drawn from one friendly keeper whom he was privileged to accompany on his rounds. He describes the man himself—his house and tools, his caste, his dominions, his subjects, his enemies, with that fulness and precision which prove personal knowledge. Whatever else may be said of Jefferies, he did not acquire his knowledge from books but from his own personal observation and experience.

Of the man himself he says:—

In personal appearance he would be a tall man were it not that he has contracted a slight stoop in the passage of the years, not from weakness or decay of nature, but because men who walk much lean forward somewhat, which has a tendency to round the shoulders. The weight of his gun, and often of a heavy game bag dragging downwards, has increased this defect of his figure, and, as is usual after a certain age, even with those who lead a temperate life, he begins to show signs of corpulency. But these shortcomings only slightly detract from the manliness of his appearance, and in youth it is easy to see that he must have been an athlete. There is still plenty of power in the long sinewy arms, brown hands, and bull neck; and intense vital energy in the bright blue eye. He is an ash-tree man, as a certain famous writer would say—hard, tough, unconquerable by wind or weather, fearless of his fellows, yielding but by slow and imperceptible degrees to the work of time. His neck has become the colour of mahogany—sun and tempest have left their

indelible marks upon his face; and he speaks from the depths of his broad chest as men do who talk much in the open air—shouting across the fields and through the copses. There is a solidity in his very footstep, and he stands like an oak. In brief, freedom and constant contact with nature have made him every inch a man.

Never once for the last thirty years has he tossed on a bed of sickness. This is his secret:—

It's indoors, sir, as kills half the people, being indoors three-parts of the day, and next to that too much drink and vittals. I never eat but two meals a day—breakfast and supper, what you call dinner, and maybe in the middle of the day a hunch of dry bread and an apple.

Fresh air, exercise, frugal food and drink, the odour of the earth and trees, these have given him, as he nears his sixtieth year, the strength and vitality of early manhood.

Among his assistants is his son, who has imbibed the spirit of the woods from his father, and grown up with a gun in his hands. Hence his skill with that weapon and the ease with which he brings down his game when hardly appearing to take any aim.

The keeper's dogs come in for their share of the book, and there is one particularly sensible remark in connection with them:—"I never make them learn no tricks," says he, "because I don't like to see 'em made fools of."

We get some knowledge of the enemies he has to contend with—two-legged and four-legged, and close the book with a higher opinion of the keeper than we had to commence with, and appreciate more fully the special difficulties against which he has constantly to contend.

On the whole, there are few men who have had their portraits painted with such fidelity as the gamekeeper, and the book abounds in those graphic touches which bring the scenes described so clearly and forcibly before

you that you can recall them at will. Reading the description of the keeper's cottage, you almost sniff once more the smoke of burning roots,—an entirely different smell from coal or peat smoke—and see the terrible man-trap, just such a one as that which excited the wrath of Sydney Smith.

"The Amateur Poacher" is virtually a sequel to "The Gamekeeper," and was published in 1881. It occupies a specially warm place in my affections, for it was the first of Jefferies' books which came under my notice, and which introduced me to many a pleasant hour's reading. Soon after it was published, and probably attracted by the title, I selected it at a library counter in a casual way. But the first chapter rivetted my attention, and I read it through from cover to cover the same day. The first chapter is by no means the best in the book, but it is real and vivid. Every man with a liking for his gun remembers with pleasure his first essays in shooting, and is thereby favourably disposed to what may follow. Although the scene of the poacher was some hundreds of miles distant from that part of the country with which the writer was most familiar, yet its men and manners would have done equally well for both districts. I have known the men Jefferies described, and can testify to the accuracy of the portraiture.

The title of the book is fairly descriptive, but there are chapters which deal with the professional poacher as well as the amateur, and Oby and his system may be regarded as typical.

To anyone acquainted with the country justices' court the chapter "Before the Bench" will be perfectly familiar, and Luke, the rabbit contractor, is another well-known figure in country life.

The description of a day's shooting at Father William's

is redolent of fresh air, and the heaving of a gun over the hedge may be of interest here:—

Taking his gun a few inches above the trigger guard (and with the guard towards his side), holding it lightly just where it seemed to balance in a perpendicular position, I gave it a slow heave rather than a throw, and it rose into the air. This peculiar *feeling* hoist, as it were, caused it to retain the perpendicular position as it passed over the brook and hedge in a low curve. As it descended it did indeed slope a little, and Orion caught it in one hand easily. The hedge being low, he could see it coming, but guns are sometimes heaved in this way over hedges that have not been cropped for years. Then the gun suddenly appears in the air perhaps fifteen feet high, while the catch depends not only upon the dexterity of the hand but the ear—to judge correctly where the person who throws it is standing, as he is invisible.

There is one touch of nature in this chapter which will strike a responsive chord in many a reader, and that is the poaching on another man's preserves when already there is game enough on one's own. This is common experience, and is another illustration of the old familiar proverb, "stolen fruit is always sweetest."

The chapter entitled "Ferreting" is the best description of that form of sport with which I am familiar, and Little John is one of its finest exponents. Salt, who is evidently not in sympathy with Jefferies when he has on his sporting jacket, says the theme is scarcely worthy of the artist, and deprecates the shooting of animals at all for sport. There is no doubt that in his later works Jefferies laid less stress upon the pleasures of shooting, and even confessed that more than once after he had taken aim he had lowered his gun in admiration of the beauty of bird or beast.

Ferreting is not perhaps a sport upon which one waxes enthusiastic, but to decry all shooting is another matter.

"The Amateur Poacher" will always be a favourite with shooting men from its exceedingly natural and realistic pictures. It is the work of a man who has experienced what he describes, and at any rate at the time enjoyed it.

In "Red Deer" he described a district and a form of sport known to comparatively few people. Jefferies was perhaps scarcely so much at home on Exmoor as in Wiltshire, but he produced a lucid and interesting picture of this, one of the wildest parts of the country, and enlightened us on the details of stag hunting. It came as a surprise to many to know that probably there are to-day on Exmoor more wild deer than at any previous period in its history, and that deer poaching there is practically unknown.

In "Hodge and His Masters" Jefferies extended his field of observation. Whatever affects Hodge is touched upon. Naturally the farmer comes first, and we have graphic descriptions of many kinds of farmers—old-fashioned, new-fashioned, flourishing and failing farmers. He is equally at home with them as with the gamekeeper, and, whilst he sympathises with their difficulties and their special disabilities, he has many a hit at their faults and failings. He tells us of the old-fashioned farming people's ideas on caste, which "in a measure approximate to those among the Hindoos," and of their patriarchal treatment of their sons. He cannot forbear a jibe at the man who has accumulated wealth in the city and therefore considers himself an authority on agricultural matters. This is very natural, for, whilst the townsman has a tendency to look down upon his country cousin, the feeling is entirely reciprocal, and one hears in the country many a sneer at townfolk and their ways.

In the chapter on the farmers' parliament the old farmer said that the lecturer had made out a very good

case. He had proved in the most logical manner that farmers are fools. "Well, no doubt all the world agreed with him, for everybody thought he could teach the farmer. The chemist, the grocer, the baker, the banker, the wine merchant, the lawyer, the doctor, the clerk, the mechanic, the merchant, the editor, the printer, the stock-broker, the Methodist preacher, the very cabmen and railway porters, policemen and no doubt the crossing sweepers—to use an expressive Americanism, all the whole 'jing bang' could teach the ignorant jackass of a farmer."

Not only did he picture the farmer to us, but all the men who encircle Hodge in his work, even to his last masters, the Board of Guardians, and we can follow him in his daily avocations with every confidence that it is no fanciful description we are reading, but one drawn from life, with the warts painted in as well as the beauty spots.

Jefferies has been accused of glorifying, in "Amaryllis at the Fair," a leg of mutton. "Was ever leg of mutton so glorified," says his biographer. So far I have not met with the same charge made against the market dinner at Fleeceborough in "Hodge and His Masters." "The dinner itself," he says, "is simple enough, the waiters perhaps still more simple, but the quality of the viands is beyond praise. The mutton is juicy and delicious, as it should be where the sheep is the very idol of men's thoughts, the beef is short and tender of grain, the vegetables nothing can equal them, and they are all here, asparagus and all, in profusion. The landlord grows his own vegetables, every householder in Fleeceborough has an ample garden, and produces the fruit from his own orchards for the tarts. Ever and anon a waiter walks round with a can of ale and fills the glasses whether asked or not. Beef and mutton, vegetable and fruit tarts and

ale are simple and plain fare, but when they are served in the best form how will you surpass them? The real cheese, fresh salads, the exquisite butter, everything on the table is genuine, juicy, succulent and rich. Could such a dinner be found in London how the folks would crowd thither."

When he names a florin as the charge for such a meal one concludes that if the country has its drawbacks it also has something to counterbalance them.

Although "Wood Magic," "Bevis" or the article entitled "Saint Guido" in "The Open Air" scarcely come within the scope of this article, they contain much that is of interest to grown-ups. They all show that intimate knowledge of Nature's ways which can only be acquired by an earnest and loving student. Nothing in Nature was too small for Jefferies to notice, nothing was trivial. It is interesting to compare "Wood Magic" with Kipling's "Jungle Books," and to notice the difference in treatment of a subject substantially the same in both books. Kipling divided his book into a number of stories, whilst Jefferies made only one of his; the scene of one lies in India and the other in England, and yet there is a broad similarity in them.

"Bevis," written as a book for boys, is to a certain extent autobiographical, and contains some of Jefferies' best work.

Most of us will be inclined to agree with Besant when he says that if Jefferies had written nothing else than his books on country life he would have deserved the gratitude of the English speaking race. But he did much more than this: "For next he took the step," says his biographer, "the vast step across the chasm which separates the poetic from the vulgar mind, and began to clothe the real with the colours and glamour of the unreal;

to write down the response of the soul to the phenomena of Nature; to interpret the voice of Nature speaking to the soul."

And it is of interest to us to remember that this, his latest and highest development, was produced after he had left the country and was living in the suburbs of London. The groundwork was laid in Wiltshire, but the superstructure was erected in Surrey.

In "Hours of Spring," the opening article in "Field and Hedgerow," he writes:—

Never was such a worshipper of earth. The commonest pebble, dusty and marked with the stain of the ground, seems to me so wonderful; my mind works round it till it becomes the sun and centre of a system of thought and feeling. Sometimes moving aside the tufts of grass with careless fingers whilst resting on the sward, I found these little pebble stones loose in the crumbly earth among the rootlets. Then brought out from the shadow, the sunlight shone and glistened on the particles of sand that adhered to it. Particles adhered to my skin—thousands of years between finger and thumb, these atoms of quartz, and sunlight shining all that time, and flowers blooming and life growing in all, myriads of living things, from the cold still limpet on the rock to the burning, throbbing heart of man. Sometimes I found them among the sands of the heath, the sea of golden brown surging up in yellow billows six feet high about me, where the dry lizard hid, or basked, of kin too, to old time.

The pebble stone tells me that I am a soul because I am not that that touches the nerves of my hand. We are distinctly two—utterly separate, and shall never come together. The little pebble and the great sun overhead—millions of miles away; yet is the great sun no more distinct and apart than this which I can touch. Dull-surfaced matter like a polished mirror reflects back thought to thought's self within.

He probably reached his highest point in this direction in the article entitled "The Pageant of Summer," which first

appeared in *Longman's Magazine*. Just one extract from it:—

Fanning so swiftly the wasp's wings are but just visible as he passes; did he pause the light would be apparent through their texture. On the wings of the dragon fly as he hovers an instant before he darts, there is a prismatic gleam. These wing textures are even more delicate than the minute filaments on a swallow's quill, more delicate than the pollen of a flower. They are formed of matter indeed, but how exquisitely it is resolved into the means and organs of life! Though not often consciously recognised, perhaps this is the great pleasure of Summer, to watch the earth, the dead particles resolving themselves into the living case of life, to see the seed leaf push aside the clod, and become by degrees the perfumed flower. From the tiny mottled egg come the wings that by and by shall pass the immense sea. It is in this marvellous transformation of clods and cold matter into living things that the joy and the hope of summer reside. Every blade of grass, each leaf, each separate floret and petal is an inscription speaking of hope. Consider the grasses and the oaks, the swallows, the sweet blue butterfly—they are one and all a sign and token showing before our eyes earth made into life. So that my hope becomes as broad as the horizon afar, reiterated by every leaf, sung on every bough, reflected in the gleam of every flower. There is so much for us yet to come, so much to be gathered and enjoyed. Not for you or me now, but for our race who will ultimately use this magical secret for their happiness. Earth holds secrets enough to give them the life of the fabled Immortals. My heart is fixed firm and stable in the belief that ultimately the sunshine and the summer—the flowers and the azure sky shall become, as it were, interwoven into man's existence. He shall take from all their beauty and enjoy their glory. Hence it is that a flower is to me so much more than stalk and petals.

Jefferies has been called "a mere cataloguer," surely this is cataloguing of a high order, and justifies us in applying to him as to Thoreau the word "Poet-Naturalist."

When endeavouring to form an estimate of Jefferies as a writer, what strikes us at first is the many-sidedness of

his work combined with its minute thoroughness. Gilbert White has given his charming pictures of Selborne and its natural history, Miss Mitford her delightful stories of Berkshire village life, and Thoreau made us familiar with Walden and its pond; but Jefferies combined the leading features of them all. He drew the inhabitants of the district with the accuracy and detail of a master in portraiture. From the "juke" to the "moucher" they are all living before us. The men and women and children themselves, their homes, their habits, and their surroundings. With the solitary exception of the home life of the upper classes, which he had no opportunity of knowing, he has not missed a single phase of life or a character generally to be found in a rural district. He followed the country folk in their work, in their play, in their sports and in their pastimes, and knew them all intimately, knew them as only one going freely in and out among them could know. For the countryman is reticent, and does not readily open his mind to his fellow men, even to his neighbour, much less to a stranger, for whom he entertains as a rule a decided distrust.

But not only was he familiar with the people, he knew the birds and beasts in the same way. By long and close observation he made himself master of their appearance, their habits and their haunts. There is no bird or beast to be found in Wiltshire with which he was not familiar and of which he has not written.

There are many events in the field
Which are not shown to common eyes,
But all her shows did nature yield
To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He saw the partridge drum in the woods,
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn,
He found the tawny thrushes broods,
And the shy hawk did wait for him;

What others did at distance hear,
And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
Was showed to this philosopher,
And at his bidding seemed to come.

He is equally at home with the trees and flowers of his neighbourhood. "From the cedar of Lebanon to the hissop on the wall" he knew and loved them all. In his articles on "Wild Flowers" he writes:—

Before I had any conscious thought it was a delight to me to find wild flowers—just to see them. The various hues of the petals pleased without any knowledge of colour contrasts—no note even of colour, except that it was bright and the mind was made happy without consideration of those ideals and hopes afterwards associated with the azure sky above the fir tree. A fresh footpath, a fresh flower, a fresh delight.

And towards the end he wrote:—

I wonder to myself how they can all get on without me, how they manage—bird and flower—without me to keep the calendar for them. For I noted it so carefully and lovingly, day by day, the seed leaves on the mounds in the sheltered places that come so early, the pushing up of the young grass, the succulent dandelion, the coltsfoot on the heavy thick clods, the trodden chickweed, despised at the foot of the gatepost, so common and small, and yet so dear to me. Every blade of grass was mine, as though I had planted it separately. They go on without me—orchis flower and cowslip, I cannot number them all; I hear, as it were, the patter of their feet, flower and bud, and the beautiful clouds that go over with the sweet rush of rain and burst of sun glory among the leafy trees. They go on, and I am no more than the least of the empty shells that strewed the sward of the hill.

When writing of men he was equally at home. He was not satisfied with picturing the outward man; he knew

his thoughts, the trend of his mind, his prejudices and his opinions. As we read of his farmers we recall the man who "stubbed Thornaby waste," and hear again the tune to which the horses's legs moved:—

Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'ears 'em saay.

It is a far cry from Wilts to Lincolnshire, but the same masterful spirit was found among the farmers in both shires.

There is a tendency among writers—Miss Mitford herself was not entirely exempt from it—to idealise the country. Village life, as a rule, is not idyllic. Without going so far as Hazlitt, and saying that all country people hate each other, there are as many mean things done in country places as in the city slum, and country sights and scenes do not always beget a corresponding moral beauty.

Jefferies knew this, and has written as faithfully of the failings of country people as of their virtues. He wrote "Bits of Oak Bark," but he also wrote "Uptill a Thorn" and the "Acorn Gatherer."

Of all nature writers the names of Gilbert White, Miss Mitford, Thoreau, John Burroughs and Richard Jefferies stand out most prominently. Each had their own particular style, all afford delightful reading. Jefferies, more than any of the others, covered the whole ground. He had the patient observation of White, but lacked his sense of leisure and repose. The *Fellow of Oriel* gives us the idea of having nothing whatever to do but note the habits of the particular bird or insect in which he was interested at the moment. As Emerson puts it, the American Colonies might revolt, but that would not affect White's observation of the tumbling of the rook. Perhaps Jefferies has not left us so many idyllic village stories as Miss Mitford, but he has given us full and true descriptions

of village life, and has adhered more closely to the actual than has the Berkshire authoress. In many ways he most resembles Thoreau with less of mysticism than the American and more varied pictures of country life. These are rendered all the more readable by the subjects being altogether English. Both Thoreau and Burroughs suffer slightly by being Americans and our having to translate, as it were, their descriptions into English. John Burroughs is perhaps the most robust of the writers I have named, and has much less of sadness and melancholy than Jefferies in his pages. His lines had fallen in pleasanter places, and his subjects had been viewed through brighter coloured spectacles. But Richard Jefferies more than any other covered the whole field and combined the leading characteristics of them all.

We have not had a writer on country subjects with the same comprehensiveness who was at the same time so thorough in his methods and so sympathetic in his treatment. And yet he was not appreciated. There are few more pathetic revelations than the note attached to a set of Jefferies' books (1st editions) in a recent second-hand catalogue. They are all inscribed in Jefferies' own writing to a friend of his, and came into the bookseller's hand *uncut*. The books of a man who yearned for sympathy and to whom it meant so much!

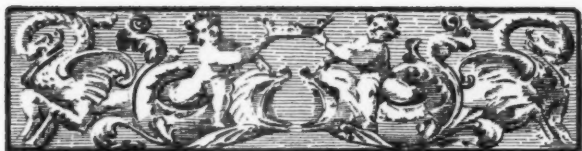
Most of what Jefferies wrote is perennial; much has changed since his time and passed away altogether, but he occupies an unique position in English literature. As an English writer dealing with English country matters he has not been equalled. He has never had, and probably never will have, a large body of readers, but those who know him best regard him with the greatest affection. They feel that for them he has made the country more beautiful than ever it was before, that he has opened

their eyes and caused them to see many things of which they were entirely ignorant, and that he has fully revealed others of which they were only partially aware.

He showed the soul within
The veil of matter luminous and thin;
He heard the old earth's undersong piercing the modern din.

No bird that cleaves the air
But his revealing thought has made more fair;
No tremulous dell of summer leaves but feels his presence
there.

So though we deem him dead,
Lo, he yet speaketh! and the words are sped
In grassy whispers o'er the fields—by every wild flower said.



LODGINGS.

By J. E. CRAVEN.

LODGINGS! Lodgings! What a wide subject. It covers every land and every people, nay, every person. Well, what am I going to do with such a subject? I propose to treat it as a parson does a comprehensive text; he often, after wasting considerable time in generalisations and showing how hopeless it would be to attempt to deal with the whole, cuts a bit off the text, and says that he has got as much as he wants for one sermon. But my difficulty will be to subdivide lodgings. Nobody ever heard of half a lodging. A thing either is a lodging or it is not. There is no standard composition of a lodging. You won't find it prescribed in the British Pharmacopæia. Perhaps the authorities feared that if they so included it they would be involved in an endless state of prosecution under the Food and Drugs Act.

The requirements of individuals vary. What would delight one, might dissatisfy another. There is no minimum, no *minus ultra*, in lodgings. Each man claims to have sounded unexplored depths of endurance, and presents himself to an unappreciative world, as an example of what the human frame can outlive. There are lodgings on the cold, cold ground; in the cold, cold police-station; at the seaside; and perhaps, with a little thought, one

might think of other places. There are lodgings for the night, and lodgings for the day; lodgings where they only sleep you, and lodgings where they agree to feed you, and partially succeed. Some where you are starved both night and day; some where you find your nights solitary, and others where you wish you were more alone. There's the landlady who looks upon you as a source of work and income, and the kind, motherly soul who feels responsible for your comfort and happiness. Lodgings with extras, and lodgings with inclusive terms, yet with charges for gas, fire, shoe-cleaning, piano, bath and cruet.

I am afraid I have not made a proper start. A subject like this ought to have begun with the traditions of antiquity. But I must confess that, notwithstanding all my researches, I cannot tell you who discovered lodgings. The discovery goes back beyond historic times. We can imagine the sylvan groves of Eden, and have heard something of the accommodation of the inhospitable Arctic regions. We have improvised shelters—the hayrick, bathing-machine, and outhouse. We have the starry sky for a coverlet, and mother earth for a bed-tick. We have the fourpenny doss and the luxurious chamber. I find, like the parson, that the subject is too big for the paper, so I propose to throw on one side all my reading and learning on the subject generally, and confine myself to some of my own experiences of lodgings.

My earliest recollections are of living at home with my parents. That was my first lodging. I stayed there until into the teens of years. In this first lodging they did not lay much stress on money payments, but there were many things that I was expected to conform to, and which sometimes I did not; then they often whacked the lodger. There was not that amount of liberty which I found in later lodgings; but I was not pestered with weekly bills,

in fact I had to render frequent accounts, and it was often a task on my candour and ingenuity to do so. My brothers and sisters lodged there also. I was the youngest child but one, and a more unfortunate position you could not have in a family if you are a male. Contrive if possible to be the oldest or the youngest boy. I have reasons of my own for giving this advice, which is the result of experience, some of it very painful. I will just tell you enough to justify the statement. A double-bedded room was occupied by me and my two brothers. Often at five or six o'clock in summer we awoke, and talked so loudly as to disturb my father. He usually called out and warned us; that produced quietness for a few minutes, when the warning was forgotten, and my father came and caught us in the midst of a pillow-fight. He came armed with a slipper—yes armed, for he hadn't it on his foot—and took a fond look at my youngest brother; poor little chap, he was the tool of the other boys and too young to be punished! He then looked at my other brother, just springing into manhood. He was old enough to be rebellious, and too old to be dealt with in a boy's way. Father then looked at me. I had none of these disqualifications, and was in every way eligible; and I got the slipper! I did not see the actual contact, that was impossible, but I had other evidences of its application. Looking back at those scenes, I must say that my father appears to have taken the greatest size in slippers of any man I ever knew, unless perhaps it was Little Tich. I could never inspect the place after peace was declared, but I verily think the effects of that slipper reddened me to the hair roots. That was not because I was worse than my other two brothers, but because I was youngest but one. What a questionable inheritance! Some may know what it is to meet an angry father when in their

nightdress. If anything went wrong, anything discovered, there ~~was~~ no enquiry as to who was to blame; they simply enquired for the youngest but one. But in spite of this burdensome inheritance I had some happy times, and I look back with pleasant memories to the time spent in my first lodgings.

I went to fresh lodgings in my teens. Life was developing, manhood approaching; boyhood's reckless carelessness was being left behind. New hopes were formed, serious aims resolved, and fresh life entered upon. New duties and responsibilities arose, and I had to learn lessons of self-reliance. With what a sad heart a lad leaves his home for the first time. The maternal solicitude for his proper equipment and his sister's tender thoughtfulness! Although I was only going thirty miles away, it was an important event, and I was sad. I was not thinking of the slipper, and the disadvantages of my birthright; I was thinking of separation from my family, for whom I had great affection. It seemed like a break in my life, and I had to begin afresh elsewhere, under totally new conditions and amongst strangers. Then the good-bye, and the injunction, "Don't fail to write!" and the journey into what looked a dark future! But all that was got through, and I got into fresh lodgings. I had a modest bedroom and sitting-room, the latter of which I joined at with another called Taylor, a few years older than myself. How eagerly I looked for the postman to bring me a letter from home, and how delighted I was to see my mother's handwriting on the envelope. Sometimes the letter assumed the size of a decent parcel, and then it invariably brought me an additional comfort, such as only mothers can anticipate and regularly supply. The mother is the best and most reliable correspondent of an absent boy. Her letters are not intermittent and full of ingenious excuses.

My mother's were ever welcome, and full of good advice as to health and behaviour. I remember them now with pleasure and affection. Do you call it youthful sentiment? It is one of the most intense moments in a young man's life. This lodging was in a street in the heart of the town, with a high steep hill visible in front. I had not been there long before my father paid me a visit on his way from Liverpool, where he had shipped my youngest brother off to Australia. He arrived on Saturday night after dark. It was wet, and rained incessantly until five o'clock next day, when he took train home. He had never been out until going to the station, and I am afraid, in my modest limited little lodging, he had not very good entertainment. The high hill towered above the tops of the houses on the opposite side of the street, and you had to look straight up to see any sky, or rather cloud. On leaving me he said: "John, I never was in Todmorden before, and if I am asked what it is like I shall say it is like living in a barrel and looking out of the bung-hole." Not a bad description for Todmorden as he saw it on that occasion.

My partner at the sitting-room had a great aversion to cats, and was a sound sleeper. After he got asleep nothing scarcely could disturb him. I was not a sound sleeper. I usually read till midnight, and when I got to sleep the least noise awoke me. I had no objection to cats if they would not make a noise. On one occasion a stray cat was making noises in the kitchen, and I could not sleep for it. It occurred to me that my partner Taylor would deal with the matter if he knew of it; so I went to his bed and awoke him with difficulty, and told him there was a cat in the kitchen. He used a golf word, and at once went downstairs. There was a very lively time for a few minutes, when he came upstairs and said that he had chased the cat

several times round the kitchen, and eventually lost it. We went to bed hoping that we should not be again disturbed, but in about half an hour the cat was at its old tricks of making noises. I went again to Taylor, who was again fast asleep, woke him up, and told him that the cat was prowling about again. He used other golf words, and went downstairs again. Oh! the noise of pans, crockery and upsetting furniture! Then there was quietness, and the unlocking of the outer door. He returned, told how he had chased the cat round the room, shied a boot at it and knocked down an American clock, but at last caught the cat, which he put under the cold water-tap and then took a drop-kick at the cat from the door-step. The poor cat landed in the middle of the street, and in its fear ran with its head against the opposite house. Poor cat! It belonged to a neighbour, and often had occasion to go along our street. Our house was No. 12, but the cat always began running at No. 6 and ran until it got to about No. 18, or *vice versâ*; but the strange thing was that the cat had not disturbed Taylor, although it had disturbed me, but he could not think of sleeping in the same house with a cat.

He did not dissemble his dislike, as a parson did on one occasion. This parson, a young man, was having dinner with two maiden ladies who had a cat of which they were very fond, but which was what we call "spoiled." This cat was very troublesome at dinner, and would persist in putting its forepaws on the parson's knees. The ladies, thinking he was annoyed with the cat, told him to knock it away. He did not do that, as he saw it was a great favourite, but assured them that he was very fond of cats. The cat persisted in its attentions to the parson, and he was asked to put it outside the room. He again assured them that he was not annoyed in the least by the cat;

however, ultimately, after many invitations to do so, and after reassuring them that he was very fond of cats, he took the cat up tenderly, and, patting it, took it to the door and put it outside in the hall. He returned to his seat at the table looking very serious as if his sympathies were with the poor ejected cat, when he observed both ladies very much amused. He looked at them enquiringly, when one said: "Mr. B., we could not fail to see what you did at the cat outside!" Mr. B. had taken a drop-kick at poor puss and sent it flying down the hall, and the ladies had seen this performance reflected in a mirror which was part of the dining-room furniture. He must have felt embarrassed if not ridiculous.

I provided my own board, and once bought, in my inexperience, a piece of cheese much too large. I got tired of it, and gave it a rest for a short time. It was put away on a shelf in a large basin with a small basin on the top for a lid. It was forgotten for many weeks, being placed in a dark corner of the shelf. My landlady complained of bad smells, and was constantly flushing her drains and slop-pipe. At last a plumber was sent for, and after examination and tests of the traps, etc., he traced the smell to the forgotten cheese. I was called from my room; my landlady was very indignant, and said she would not have the cheese in the house any longer. Thinking we could get a little more amusement out of it, I said, apparently seriously, that the cheese was not yet at its best, and it would be a shame to throw it away; I would put it before two friends whom I was expecting at half-past nine for supper. Oh, that cheese! It was a seething mass of life, and reminds me of Milton's and Dante's descriptions of Inferno. The maggots seemed to be excitedly restless, as if they were being gradually done to death by the smell of the cheese. As she would

not have it in the house, it was put on the door-step, which was a few feet from the footpath. Some fishes and quadrupeds are said to have, in their natural condition, a great deal of curiosity about anything unusual. That feeling is not confined to fishes and quadrupeds. In 1864 the people passing my lodgings had it in a marked degree, for passing the door many of them, observing one white basin inverted into a larger yellow one, wondered whatever it meant, and could not resist creeping up quietly to look what was inside. I listened that evening from my sitting-room window. I never heard anybody lift up the top basin, but I heard many let it go down with a bang. The smell emitted broke down all thoughts of deliberation. Bang! bang! every few minutes, until my landlady would not have it any longer on the door-step. As there was no repository, pantechnicon, or cold stores in the neighbourhood, I consented to its being thrown into the river. I dare not do such a thing now, as the West Riding Rivers Board is on the alert. Nobody was more delighted that the cheese had gone than my landlady's boy, who was often unjustly whacked for bringing bad smells into the house and charged with playing in forbidden places.

I left, and went to live with a widow lady, Mrs. H. This lodging was rather a swell place, and was the most expensive that I had had. Mrs. H. was a peculiar woman. She had been a widow for several years, and was an enthusiastic Swedenborgian. She said she frequently saw her dead husband (Amos) about the lodgings. Whether it was a prudent thing to tell to her lodger I very much doubt, but the late departed Amos never disturbed me. Swedenborg was a very prolific writer, and it is said that the books he wrote would fill a cart—well, I should think Mrs. H. had a wheelbarrow full. She brought me one large volume, and told me it would tell me “all about

Heaven and the Future State." Believing that that was a subject upon which I was imperfectly informed, I glanced at the contents of the book, and remained as ignorant as before. She liked to tell me of the wonderful things of the future, and sometimes I asked her for her authority for her statements. Womanlike, she merely repeated her statements. I then, in order to show her that if a person made statements contrary to generally accepted views, some authority ought to be given. As an illustration, I stated that if I were to assert that Heaven was a kind of public-house where a person could stay and then pass on, I ought to be able to give some reasonable grounds for such a theory, as the burden of proof would be on me. Instead of giving me the grounds for her unusual statements she indignantly said: "Mr. Craven, I never said Heaven was a public-house!" I despaired of getting any information, and felt that argument would be useless. Like many landladies, she took liberties with things which belonged to me, and annoyed me very much by cutting her corns with my razors. I complained about this, but it was of no avail. At last I let her see me stropping my razors on her large, elaborately-bound family Bible, which was usually left in my room. She valued the Bible very much, and in great anger told me I must not use it for such a purpose. I replied that if she used my razors to cut her corns I should strop them on her family Bible. I shaved with more comfort in future. She was a good cook, but always brought the dishes to the table underdone. There was, I believe, some method in this. It took less fire, and I sooner got tired of the joint. She would bring me a piece of my butter on a little plate. What was left, never got back to the bulk, or was brought on again. I bought a butter-pot, and had my butter jammed into it, and insisted on having it on the

table. That butter-pot saved its cost twice a week. She would always straighten off my loaf of bread; that straightening was expensive, but she said she liked to see loaves straight and tidy; I said I did not, but liked artistic work even in such simple matters as bread-cutting, and in future I cut my loaf in all kinds of designs—triangles, parallelograms, circles and Van-Dyked edges. This effected a great saving in bread. To do her justice, she was always delighted when I had extra company, and did her best to help me to entertain my friends. Others usually lodged there as well as myself, and I have had bank clerks, curates, students, tutors and doctors for my co-tenants. We had some happy and lively times, but unfortunately if any of the others displeased the landlady she complained to me. She must have found out, or divined by instinct, that I was the youngest but one. However, we will leave her.

I ought to mention a three-months' lodging which I had with a village farrier. He was one of the old school of cattle doctors and horse-shoers. They are fast disappearing. He was a quaint, elderly man, and suffered at times from acute rheumatic pains, which came on often very suddenly. Sometimes they attacked him without warning in the church, and, taken by surprise, he invariably cried "Oh!" in such unrestrained tone as to be heard all over the church, and then, by way of explanation, he said aloud to the amazed congregation, "Clicking pains agean!" This old farrier had his prolonged bouts of drinking, and in his cups was unconsciously very amusing. I have known many men who provoked laughter when they were in drink, which the regret of seeing them in that condition, could not restrain. Nearly every man who is in the habit of getting well over the line develops in that condition individual characteristics. He has trains of

thought—or confusions of thought—which he displays only in that condition; and his friends can tell pretty well what subjects will engage his attention or be the subject of his incoherent ramblings. I knew an elderly well-disposed man who never saw a nice back-yard when in drink but he invited his friends to go with him and have with him a few rounds of fighting in it. He was not a quarrelsome person, but he thought such a nice back-yard should not be wasted, but utilised for a fight. Another very intelligent man that I knew, would, in his cups, expatiate incessantly on the virtues of a treatment for frog in horses' hoofs, and went elaborately into the structure of the horse's foot, and the chemical action of the ingredients which he recommended; but when sober he never mentioned the subject. Some of these bibulous amenities are very amusing. My friend the farrier had a subject which he was never tired of talking about when he was drunk, and that was the importance of correctly mixing the mustard for making plaisters. This might have been the one thing on which the salvation of the human race depended, he attached such weight to it. He also when drunk impressed upon his hearers to "Pray for the blessed saints who have died in the Lord." One would have thought that they were the least needy class. I might mention another person who is constantly quoting poetry when under the influence of liquor, but never does so when sober. He strings his quotations together without any coherence, and, possessing a good memory, he mixes up snatches from the old poets. As one guilty of having attempted some verses, I am thankful that he finds only old poetry suitable for his purpose. I leave to others to deal with these mental phenomena, and to explain the connection between poetry and inebriety. It would be especially interesting to know whether the sonnet has any

advantages in this respect over other forms of poetry. The farrier lived in a very old building with low mullioned windows. My bedroom I shared with a young man named Iveson. We had gone to bed without light, and I had got into bed before Iveson, who seemed to have some difficulty in finding the sleeves of his nightdress. He was at the foot of the bed, between it and the low window. I could vaguely see him throwing his arms about and turning his nightdress about. As this went on for some time I said: "Whatever are you doing?" He said: "I cannot find the sleeves," and getting somewhat impatient, his arms and the nightdress were flying about, dimly silhouetted against the window. I was convulsed with laughter, whilst he seemed to be convulsed with excitement and vexation. Oh, it was a droll scene. Imagine, if such a thing be possible, an animated Whistler nocturn, or a skirt-dance when the lights failed except a glimmer from the orchestra. Well Iveson could not find his sleeves, and ultimately had to strike a light, when it was discovered that he had been trying to get into a bed-sheet which had been left at the foot of the bed where he usually found his nightdress.

I lodged for a short time with an old married couple. They had one servant, but no children. I had been away for a holiday, and returned sooner than I expected, and found them all away also on a holiday. I got in with my latchkey, when I saw two friends passing. I invited them in, and apologised that I could not adequately entertain them, as the only edible things I could find in the house were eggs, coffee and sugar. The elder friend said that eggs made a preferable substitute for cream. We therefore decided to make some coffee. The younger one lit and afterwards blew the fire, whilst I laid the table. The elder friend took the part of consulting engineer and cooking expert,

and expatiated very learnedly on cooking. I put the coffee into a coffee-pot, and asked the expert what I was to do with the eggs. He replied: "Break the eggs into the pot upon the coffee!" I said, "How many?" He replied, "Oh, about half a dozen." This was done, and we waited until the water boiled, when we filled up the coffee-pot and sat round the table. The first cupful came out readily, and was given to the elder. When we began to pour out the second cup our troubles began. We could only get about a tablespoonful at once, and had to shake the pot; but there was some obstruction in the spout. With shaking and repeated elevations of the spout we got out a second cupful, which was given to my younger friend. He sat over his coffee and examined it with his spoon. He reminded one of the startling effects of deep sea dredging, such strange things were brought up. After looking at it for a while he said: "It's funny stuff, Craven!" to which the other replied in his well-known tone—a mixture of confidence and authority: "Now, my dear Read, don't be fastidious; mine is perfectly tolerable—perfectly tolerable!" Read said: "Have you any things in your cup like these?" digging up a spoonful from the bottom, and showing streaks of wriggling white slime, varying in size and shape, suggestive of bacteriological conflict. To which the other replied: "Oh, dear no! Oh, no! Here, Craven, what have you been putting into Read's cup?" The coffee was not a success. The stuff was wasted, and on the return of the family I was asked what the funny hard stuff was which they found in the coffee-pot. I explained, and was told that the eggs ought to have been beaten up, and that I had been misled by my friend, who is a distinguished botanist and sonneteer, but whose genius evidently did not embrace cooking.

I must make a short reference to a lodging which I had

when a young man in East Yorkshire. A noble lord at that time annually got up a series of cricket matches between eleven noblemen and eleven gentlemen. I played with the latter team in my capacity as a gentleman. It was most enjoyable. We had a two days' match at his park, another at Everingham Park, and another at Lord Londesborough's. I had received instructions to get off at a little station called Kipling Cotes, where I should be met and driven to my lodgings, which turned out to be with the farmer, who awaited me at the station with his buggy and drove me to his house, six or seven miles away. I found it a very comfortable farmhouse, quite in the country. After we had had a good tea we went into the drawing-room, where his young daughter and her governess played the piano. During the playing the old farmer, who was a big specimen of John Bull in his shirt-sleeves, called out: "Stop, Maggie!" The music stopped, when he said, referring to a noise outside, "What is that?" It turned out to be a very heavy downfall of rain. There had been no rain for months, and the ground was parched, and the cattle and crops suffering. When he had satisfied himself that it was really rain, he said: "Maggie, fetch my tambourine." This was brought to him, and he sat alongside the piano in his shirt-sleeves, without a smile on his face, and said: "Play something lively." Some dance music was played, and the old farmer accompanied with his tambourine most vigorously. It was a contest between the piano resisting utter annihilation, and the tambourine under the unusual exhilaration of a heavy shower of rain after months of drought. The contest was kept up a long time, the expression on the old man's face never changing; when he, exhausted, flung down his instrument and calling out to me "Good night," went off to bed. I have often been thrilled with music, but that instrumental

duet, with a good view of the performers, was as thrilling, amusing, and satisfying, as any performance I ever heard. I was a stranger and a guest, and I had to repress my emotions, which I did with considerable difficulty and danger to my constitution.

Next morning after breakfast, the son, a mischievous boy of about ten, proposed to show me round the house and the plantation. He took me to the edge of the plantation, and told me to keep my eye on a certain tree about half-a-dozen yards away. Whilst I was doing this the young rascal had gone behind and began shying stones into the tree, which contained a hornet's nest. The hornets rushed out. I did not stay to clear my character and explain that it was the other boy. I ran off as hard as I could, and got into the house. When I had hurriedly closed the door after me the young beggar was there laughing at me. Was that the right way to treat a lodger? The time was approaching for our drive to Warter Priory to the cricket match. I was ready and waiting for my host. Presently he appeared in a dark-grey suit, and walking in front of me pulling down the collar in front, he said: "Now, what do you think of this?" I said: "It seems a very nice suit." "Yes," he replied. "Last year that disagreeable Major G—— objected to my clothes, so I thought I would have a new suit." I said: "He cannot reasonably object to that." It appeared that my host was going to umpire, and it was the dark colour of the umpire's clothes that the Major had objected to, not because the clothes were shabby, as the umpire supposed. I speculated on my way to the field upon the sort of game we were likely to have with an umpire who was unaware of the custom of an umpire wearing a white coat. But what a fine time we had! Marquees, luncheons, claret cup, young ladies, music, cards and unlimited hospitality.

I have not said anything about foreign lodgings, but I will mention the German lodging which I had at Heidelberg. I was interested with the German double beds and the heating arrangements in the bed-rooms. Four of us, gentlemen, having arrived in the evening, dined, and went out for a stroll. Whilst in the town we heard bands of music and saw torches. We waited, and a large procession appeared. We stood on the footpath as it passed, and got the smoke and dust of the torches. We could not make it out. At last we decided to join in and walk with it. The Germans in the procession cheered in their way, but they are poor cheerers. Ladies waved handkerchiefs from the balconies. We saw some English ladies, and gave them a cheer, which they readily recognised and acknowledged. We did not know whether we were taking part in a revolution and upsetting some reigning dynasty, but we found the dust and smoke made us very thirsty, so we filed out of the procession and looked for a beer saloon. We soon saw that blessed word "Restoration" over a door and entered. It was a workman's beerhouse. There was a long bench and about a dozen workmen in their blouses sat on one side of it. We sat opposite to them and ordered four mugs of beer. The mugs were thick glass with pewter lids on. My friend on my left had been smoking a vile German cigar, and had consumed about half of it. The half unsmoked he put into my pewter, thinking I had not observed it. The Germans laughed, and my friend gave them a knowing wink—a wink is cosmopolitan. I also gave them a wink. When my friend was not looking I exchanged my pewter for his. The Germans laughed again. My friend thought it was at his practical joke, and he proposed, in order to get me to drink, the Kaiser's health. I remarked that that toast meant a bumper. He said, "Yes!" After some delay, as

I did not want to appear too eager, we bumped glasses and drank; but very suddenly my friend banged his glass on the bench, and took from his lips half a cigar. The Germans laughed again. Although they knew not our language and we knew not theirs, the whole joke was enacted and thoroughly understood and appreciated. Everybody enjoyed it but my friend. We then returned to our lodgings and got over the garden wall of the hotel where we stayed, but had a difficulty in getting over because of telegraph wires which ran along the top of the wall. It was a moonlight night, and we found that our ladies had seen us get over the wall, and not knowing of the impeding telegraph wires, and hearing our laughter, thought that the German wines and beer had begun to tell on our constitutions.

I had a lodging for a week or two in the county of Dumfries or Kircudbrightshire (I am not sure which), that I found as enjoyable perhaps as any I ever had. I had accepted an invitation to go there for some mixed shooting, but at the last moment the gentleman who had asked me was unable to go with me, but he urged me to go, and gave me written instructions where to go and what to take. I took a man with me who was used to game and dogs, and who had lived all his life among the hills, heather and grouse. We were told to engage a trap at Dumfries and take a couple of legs of mutton, bottled ale, whisky and bread. I wondered whatever sort of a place we were going to when they had no bread. After a drive of some ten miles we reached a low one-storeyed white-washed house where an old shepherd and his wife lived; this was to be our lodging. It was right up on the hills, no other habitation was in sight of it. The old lady spoke only Gaelic or strong Scotch, and we were unable to talk with her, and could make out very few words of her

speech. The husband's language was a little more intelligible to us. We found the place very cosy and comfortable, and the old lady a good cook, and very hospitable. Our beds were built into the wall, like ships' berths, and about five feet from the floor. I had to get out of bed as a child gets off a sofa—get off the only available side, slide down as far as I could, then let go and trust in Providence. We always got up before daylight, and this made getting out of bed more enterprising. There was a cornfield near the house which had been reaped, but bundles of corn had been built into a kind of wigwam where we could ambush, as the grouse were in the habit of coming round it to feed at break of day. I was told I could get a brace if I went there before daylight and waited until the birds came. I was called up by the shepherd whilst it was still dark. I woke up and got out of bed in the dark, forgetting that I had been sleeping in such an elevated bed. I dropped, bounced and sprawled and pulled over several articles of furniture, and at last realised that I was in Scotland, and had probably acquired several marks for rash conduct. However, I dressed and crept on the ground into the hut made of corn-sheaves. I walled up the entrance with a sheaf, and remained quite still. At last the birds—grouse—began to arrive. There they were, like poultry, walking about a few yards from me. I could see them from port-holes which had been left. I never had a more thrilling sporting experience. The chatter, calls and noise which they made I cannot adequately describe. I had the unusual experience of seeing and hearing the unsuspecting birds. Each bird when he bumped down seemed to greet his friends, and I could imagine that he was asking them if they had had a good night, and probably asking about the "missis." I cannot imagine a more lively and

articulating bird than the grouse. I preferred their company—so bright, cheerful and garrulous—to a brace of dead grouse, and I waited silently in my hiding-place until the company broke up, hoping to meet them again during the day and capture some of them over the dog. We had a hearty breakfast of porridge, mutton cutlets and potato cakes. We were waited upon by the keeper, who explained that he had to attend a funeral and could not accompany us that day. He gave us some instructions as to the character and boundaries of the shooting, and excused himself for leaving us to explore by ourselves. We wandered about in the afternoon, and saw on the other side of a stream, which we supposed to be the boundary of our host's shooting, a long purse-net, probably one hundred yards long stretched on tall poles. This was a very unsportsmanlike way of catching grouse, and a very unneighbourly thing to do. My man waxed very indignant about it, and proposed that we should come at night and take the net. I said that we might meet the men at the net or coming away with the birds. He said: "Well if we do, we'll tak' t' birds off on 'em." I thought this too heroic a programme for the first day, and one which might indefinitely prolong our stay in Scotland, either in the hospital or the gaol.

Oh! the sunsets on the sugar-loafed mountain tops which were visible from some parts of the our shooting. Abler pens than mine have failed to adequately describe such scenes. I often spread my mackintosh on the heather and lay on it enjoying the beautiful landscape, which was the more interesting when I thought that it was the Burns' country, and that the great bard had probably been familiar with those mountains and got from them much of his poetic inspiration. The scene, like the one in the morning in the sheaf-hut, lured me more than the desire to obtain a large game bag.

We only saw one fresh face all the time we were there. I realised the fascination which travellers must have felt when away from the haunts of civilisation, face to face with nature, and away from the toils and anxieties of business and society. Then in my musings a hare would pass within shot or a grouse or blackcock. Afterwards came the trudge home to the lodgings, tired with the day's work, carrying three or four hares, a few birds, mackintosh, gun and cartridges with a last drop in the flask. On getting to our lodgings we had a sponge in the bourne, which was our only lavatory, a good meal, tobacco and nightcaps! My man, who knew the dialects of the Lancashire and Yorkshire moors, assured me, after being there a few days, that many words, dialect words, were used there which were used on Yorkshire and Lancashire highlands, such as "pairtrix" for "partridges." I left the lodging with regret, and quite realised the justification for calling Scotland the land of cakes, for a greater variety of home-made cakes I never saw—and excellent things they were. Before leaving this reference to my Scotch lodgings, I will just add that the long poaching purse-net mysteriously disappeared one night during my stay.

If you want to enjoy lodgings, have a few ideals—warmth, light, cleanliness, comfortable bed, good cooking and attendance before you. Aim at them, don't expect to reach them. Make up for deficiencies by endurance, patience and lip-biting, and indulge a hope for better things, and live to deserve them. Lodgings are generally let by the professional business-like lodging-house keeper, or by some samples of impoverished gentility, who may not be aware of your importance, or trained to consider your wants; and remember that your money may have a special value to you; you know something of its history, and the sweat you have had to get it together, but the lodging-house keeper attaches no such incidents to it, and it only passes to her as so much current coin.

Don't let your imagination run too far if you wish to

enjoy lodgings. We are apt to conjure up previous experiences, and recollections of other lodgings, and make comparisons. This is not often a comforting thing to do. If you will indulge in such things go far enough back, and compare your lodgings with those of your rude forefathers, and with those of the desolate of the earth. We have improved upon the caves, thickets and hollow trunks of trees, and if we had not the sporting lively fleas, we might have mosquitoes, earwigs and centipedes. Philosophy is most useful in lodgings, often very essential, but usually insufficient.

The subject is inexhaustible, and I must end this light, scrappy, and, I am afraid, disappointing paper on lodgings.

Where does man lodge? He builds not nests in trees,
Nor roosts in branches swaying with the breeze,
You will not find him burrowed in the ground.
Ah, then! where can his habitat be found?
Look well on mother earth in places dark,
And scrutinize "the benches in the park,"
He may be there, hungry, ill-clad and cold,
Waiting the light "which tips the hills with gold,"
But brings to him scant food, contempt, unrest,—
Torture of passing haunts of men more blest,

Sometimes it is a hut or bed of wattle
Provided by some fellow for his cattle—
Comfort for them, but luxury for him,
Until he sneaks away at dawn's first glim;
'Twere an offence to use a cow's rude shed,
By man, half clothed, no money, and ill-fed!

And there's the mansion, palace and the cot,
Where man enjoys his own—his happy lot,
But rages when he sees some abject wight
Approach too near—it gives his pride a fright.
These shelters—lodgings—varied tho' they be,
Are oft called homes—(homes oft of misery)!
Thankful be we that howso'er we roam
We have the happy tyranny of home,
Or the best substitute that can be found—
A lodging where home comforts well abound!



TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM."

By GEORGE MILNER.

THE recent publication of a new edition of "In Memoriam," with Annotations made by the author and hitherto existing only in manuscript, recalls attention to the poem.

The literary taste and predilections of the present day differ widely from those of the middle of last century, and even among the reading-men of the present generation Tennyson's poem may be known only by its name and its transmitted reputation. The casual reader, it is true, may content himself with the latest contemporary writing and the newest fashion in verse, but the real student of literature, while he keeps his mind open to contemporary merit, will maintain a firm hold upon the past, and correct the judgments of the present day by constant and impartial reference to those of an earlier date.

"In Memoriam" was published anonymously in 1850, having been previously privately printed and circulated among friends. The "irresponsible reviewers" made their usual fatuous blunders. One of these said that "a great deal of poetic feeling had been wasted, and much shallow art spent on the tenderness shown to an Amaryllis of the Chancery Bar"; while another, sinking to a lower depth of misconception, said: "These touching lines evidently come

from the full heart of the widow of a military man." From other quarters there came tentative and cautious appreciation, but the unique character of the poem, its exquisite workmanship, and the name of its author were quickly recognised, and before the close of 1851, five editions had been called for.¹

Among the younger men of that day the enthusiasm was unbounded. This might have counted for little, but graver and older men sanctioned the popular verdict. Theologians of repute saw in it the dawn of a broader, more spiritual, and yet more reasonable Christianity. Many among the foremost men of science welcomed the poem because it gave evidence of Tennyson's scientific knowledge, of his appreciation of its importance in the development of modern thought, and of his power to make use of it in the development of poetic imagery, not after the stilted, classic fashion of the eighteenth century, but in the more untrammelled and ideal mode of the later Romantic poetry. No doubt the fact that he had proved himself to have been an evolutionist before Darwin had also its weight with the scientists. On the other hand the artists, whether in poetry or painting, could not refuse their admiration of his consummate workmanship. I remember Madox Brown, who, for many reasons was not likely to be prejudiced in favour of Tennyson, saying to me more than once that there was no poem in the English language which presented so many perfect pictures of landscape as "In Memoriam." And by this he meant not only pictures in words which were in accordance with the canons of art, but which would lend themselves at once to reproduction in form and colour by a painter.

"In Memoriam" was not hastily produced nor even

1. About thirty separate editions have been issued up to 1905.

written consecutively. It was taken up at intervals between the years 1833 and 1849, and in all sorts of places—among the ruins of Tintern Abbey, on the sea shore at Barmouth, and even while walking up and down Fleet Street, indeed wherever the poet might be. During all this time he was brooding over the subject and shaping the separate poems into a cohesive whole.

Like all other great lyric poems it arose, I do not doubt, out of a single intense emotion. The real genesis will be found in the exquisite lines which refer to the rocky shore at Clevedon in Somersetshire, overlooking the Bristol Channel, at the point where it is entered by the Severn:—

Break, break, break,
On thy cold, grey stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

These lines reveal both the *motif* of the poem and the mode of its construction. During the long interval of composition he was simply bringing his tongue to utter the thoughts that arose in his mind in connection with the loss of his friend.

The origin of the measure adopted for "In Memoriam" has been often discussed. It is singular that Tennyson himself, until after the publication of the poem, believed that the measure was peculiar and was of his own devising. It was soon shown, however, that it had been used in the exact "In Memoriam" form by at least two well-known writers—Ben Jonson and Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Tennyson, therefore, is not to be credited with the invention of a new measure, but with having perceived its peculiar suitability for the treatment of his subject

through one hundred and thirty-two poems without change or break. Its merit lies in this—that it satisfies the ear without leaving an impression of triviality, or the repetition of the commonplace. The wonder is that the question of its origin should ever have arisen, seeing that it is only the adoption of the rhyming arrangement invariably used for the first quartet of an orthodox Italian sonnet.

Another point which has been raised is this: What model had Tennyson before him—if he had any—with regard to the general treatment of his subject. Petrarch's "Laura" has been suggested. That long series of sonnets may have had its influence, but I am inclined rather to think that the suggestion came from Shakespeare's sonnets. In these there is the same story of love and friendship, the same introduction of personal themes, the same touching of many diverse subjects under the text of individual and commemorative matter.

It is not necessary to attempt to fix the exact position of "In Memoriam" in the scale of English literature. It is sufficient to say that it takes an honoured place, if not the highest, among our finest elegiac poems—Milton's "Lycidas," Shelley's "Adonais," and Arnold's "Thyrsis."

It is too soon to pass judgment on the general body of Tennyson's work. I think, however, that among his longer pieces—including the dramas—"In Memoriam" has the best chance of what is called immortality. It has, it must be remembered, a certain historical value, for it represents the trend of opinion on religion, science, and even manners, in the middle of the last century better than any other poem. The artistic perfection must also be considered: its careful choice of diction, extending from the simplest Saxon—even dialectal—to the most ornate and recondite; its power to make a few words bear an immense weight of

thought, and its skilful use of all the resources and intricacies of all metres ancient and modern.

To the student of poetry this last quality—that of artistic perfection—is important. To those who themselves venture to touch the lyre it is invaluable. If any seeks to *make* himself a poet (he had better, by the way, first make sure that he is *born* to the vocation) he should learn his art by careful study of the few, but perfect poems of Thomas Gray, the Odes of John Keats, the finer poems of Coleridge as they are given in Swinburne's beautiful selection published in 1878, Wordsworth's greatest Ode "The Intimations of Immortality," and Tennyson's "In Memoriam," line by line from end to end.

Turning to the volume under notice, with its notes by the author and its Introduction by the present Lord Tennyson, it may be said, I think, that the reader will at first sight feel some disappointment. The "notes" are for the most part very brief, and the Introduction is, in effect, only a reprint of the chapter devoted to "In Memoriam" in the first volume of the "Life." Tennyson had a proper dislike of footnotes. There are none in his earlier poems, and though there are a few in the later ones, they are chiefly concerned with the necessary explanation of unusual dialectal words. When he was asked to write or dictate to his son the notes now printed he said: "I am told that my young countrymen would like notes to my poems. Shall I write what dictionaries tell to save some of the idle folk trouble? or to add an analysis of passages? or to give a history of my similes? I do not like the task. . . . Poetry is like shot-silk with many glancing colours, and every reader must find his own interpretation according to his ability, and according to his sympathy with the poet." All this is very true. Still the notes were given and we may as well make what use of them we can. I will

therefore deal with a few of those which are most important or which refer to passages really needing elucidation.

In the Proem there is the line:—

Thine are these orbs of light and shade.

I had always thought that a wide and general allusion was here made to the whole system of the heavenly bodies. Its meaning is, however, much more circumscribed. Tennyson meant only the sun and moon.

In the first Section occurs the stanza about which there has been much discussion:—

I held it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

Many conjectures have been made as to the identity of the poet here alluded to. Among them was Shelley, but I do not think there was any justification for this assumption. For some time it was held that Longfellow was meant because in one of his poems—"The Ladder of St. Augustine"—he certainly expresses the same sentiment:

Of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

The resemblance is very close, but the idea that Longfellow was alluded to might have been dismissed at once, as his poem did not appear until some years after "In Memoriam." At any rate the question is now decided. Tennyson says: "I alluded to Goethe's creed. Among his last words were these: 'From changes to higher changes.'" It is also on record that Tennyson held Goethe to be "consummate in

so many different styles." After all, as is the case with so many pregnant thoughts the same idea has been expressed over and over again. Its general drift might be traced back to one or two curious passages in the writings of St. Paul. In *Cymbeline* we have:—

Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes;
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

and Browning's lines are well known:—

We fall to rise, are baffled to fight better.
Sleep to wake.

The lines in Section IV.:—

Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
That grief hath shaken into frost.

are an illustration—one among many—of Tennyson's power to compel the facts of science to subserve, without incongruity, the purposes of poetry. Without the explanatory note now given the felicity of the image is not clear to the reader—"Water can be brought below freezing point and not turn into ice, if it be kept still; but if it be moved suddenly it turns into ice and may break the vase."

Many readers of poetry are glad to connect the poems they love with particular localities already familiar to themselves, and the Notes to Sections XVIII. and XIX., enable us to identify Clevedon as the place where Arthur Hallam was laid in "English earth," and Tintern Abbey as the place where the perfect poem of four stanzas about the Severn and the Wye was written.

After running through the notes some readers of "In Memoriam" may still say that such notes were unnecessary, and they would prefer to take the text as it stands and fight out the difficulties for themselves. I think every reader

should do this to begin with and should not divert the current of apprehension by pausing upon any note of any kind, however important that note may be. It has been said in criticism of the present edition that the notes should have been printed with the text for the purposes of immediate reference. I do not agree with this view. They are better where they are. The true way to use them is to refer not from the poem to the notes, but from the notes to the poem.

For the most part the notes may be placed in two classes—first: those relating to passages which for any ordinary reader absolutely stand in need of some explanation; and, second: those which are confirmatory of an interpretation already entertained. Of these two kinds I will give a few examples which are characteristic of the rest.

In Section XIV. there occurs the lines:—

The very source and fount of day
Is dash'd with wandering isles of night.

The note here informs us that "wandering isles of night" is a poetic way of indicating what the scientist would call "sun spots." In XXXVI. we have:—

Those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

by which is intended "The Pacific Islanders." In XCIII. we have:—

The abyss
Of tenfold-complicated change—

which is meant to allude, though certainly in a vague manner, to the tenfold heavens of Dante.

Of the second class the following may suffice. In XCI. we have:—

Flits by the sea-blue bird of March.

Much discussion arose among naturalists with regard to this line. It is now settled that Tennyson, whether his description was right or wrong, meant the kingfisher.

The passages in "In Memoriam," which deal with scientific passages in "In Memoriam," which deal with scientific theories, and especially with evolution, together with the notes upon them, are too numerous to be dealt with separately. It is clear that Tennyson had grasped the idea of evolution (not, of course, an entirely unknown speculation) before the publication of the "Vestiges of Creation," and before Darwin had formulated it as a scientific theory. It is a curious instance of the carelessness of criticism that Mr. Frederic Harrison, in a recent volume, asserts that both the theology and the philosophy of "In Memoriam" are derived from others, and have no "independent force and depth of their own." A general assertion of this kind may be tolerably safe, but Mr. Harrison takes a dangerous step when he proceeds to give the names of the writers to whom he supposed the poet to have been indebted. The list is a comprehensive one—Maurice, Jowett, the Duke of Argyll, Kingsley, F. W. Robertson, Stopford Brooke, Ruskin, and Bishops Westcott and Boyd Carpenter. Mr. Andrew Lang, with the necessary dates at his finger's end, now comes into the field against his unwary brother-critic and asserts that none of these could have affected "In Memoriam." The poem was chiefly written between 1833 and 1834. "Jowett," says Mr. Lang, "did not publish anything till fifteen years after Tennyson had written. Boyd Carpenter's works were unknown. Ruskin had not published the first volume of "Modern Painters," Stopford

Brooke was at school, and so was the Duke of Argyll. Further, Mr. Harrison asserts that Tennyson was "in touch with the ideas of Herschell, Owen, Huxley, Darwin and Tyndall." To this Mr. Lang replies that "when Tennyson wrote the parts of "In Memoriam" which deal with science, nobody beyond their families and friends had heard of Huxley, Darwin and Tyndall. They had not developed, much less had they published, their 'general ideas.'" The conclusion is obvious. Such indebtedness, if any existed, lies the other way.

One other subject remains to be touched upon. It is one however, which affects the whole character of "In Memoriam." Is it a Christian poem, and what attitude does the poet assume with regard to Christianity? Here again the critics widely differ. It appears to me nothing less than extraordinary that a writer of such ability as Mr. Arthur C. Benson should, in his monograph of Tennyson, published in 1904, show so little capacity for estimating evidence of the most obvious kind. Mr. Benson says: "With every wish to find a definite Christian faith expressed in 'In Memoriam,' I must confess that I cannot certainly discover it there, though the poem is of course instinct with strong Christian feeling throughout"; and in another passage Mr. Benson says he believes the poet "made it doubtful on purpose, and left it ambiguous," and again, "his faith cannot definitely be called a Christian faith." I submit that careful examination of the poem, even without the notes, will not support this view. With the "notes" it becomes still more untenable. In dealing with this enquiry it is important to remember that the stanzas which appear in front of "In Memoriam," and are usually called the Proem, are not a prologue but an epilogue. They were written in 1849 after the work was completed. They are the poet's final words on the

subject, and in the light which they give the whole poem should be read. Now how does Mr. Benson deal with this Prelude? He holds that the opening line:—

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,

cannot be regarded as a definite confession of faith in Christ, that it is only an address to the principle of Divine Love in which Christian phraseology is deliberately employed. This is futile. On any principle of criticism it must be admitted that something more than a "principle" is meant. In a note to the expression "Immortal Love" it is said "'Love' is used in the same sense as in St. John." Now John identifies "Love" with "God," and God with the Word, the Logos. Tennyson therefore can only have used the words "strong son of God" in one sense, and that in the fullest. This seems to me to be faith definitely enough expressed. But Mr. Benson goes on to say that "the words 'Thou madest Death,' cannot be intended to be applied to the Redeemer." This reveals a singular forgetfulness, for the Christian belief is in the words of John, in reference to the son of God—"All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made." On this showing it appears to me obvious that the poet acknowledged the Divine nature and the words:—

We that have not seen Thy *face*
By faith and faith alone embrace,

prove also his belief in the Historical Christ.

Mr. Benson also complains that there is no allusion throughout the poems to the Resurrection, the cardinal belief of Christianity. To me this is inexplicable. The allusions are frequent and unmistakable in the poem, and it is well known that Tennyson himself often said: "The cardinal point of Christianity is the life after death."

Much more might be added, but I must forbear. Having complained of Mr. Benson's short comings in several directions I must do him the justice to admit that his appreciation of "In Memoriam" as a whole is all that could be desired. He says: "It is probably the noblest monument ever raised by the human spirit to the memory of a lost and forgotten friend. Moreover, it commemorates the highest and holiest form, because the purest, of human relationship—an equal friendship?"





A CHESHIRE VILLAGE HOUSE-WARMING.

By W. V. BURGESS.

IN our towns, at least, the good old custom of house-warming is fast dying out, and, for a sufficiently obvious reason; urban removals—moonlight and otherwise—are of far too frequent occurrence to admit of a social function every time they take place. Whilst changes of address in suburban districts, though less common, are usually accompanied by so feverish a desire to *impress* the new neighbourhood, that little room is afforded for the exercise of this old-fashioned form of hospitality. In our village communities, however, “flittings” are much rarer, and in Mereham so rare indeed that other happenings, such as a newly-thatched roof, an alteration of premises, or simple matters of the like sort, provide ample excuse for calling together one’s neighbouring friends and well-wishers.

When a change of habitation does actually occur in Mereham it is an occasion to be remembered, a circumstance to be recorded in the family Bible, an incident of general village concern. But—and here the interest grows tenser still—if a homestead should be vacated and its one-time occupants should leave for that great strange world outside Mereham, then, instead of revelling, there is oftener grief, grief too deep for words, alike for those who depart and those who are left behind.

In the days of my boyhood, now long ago, I remember how that at length the last night had come that we were to spend beneath the roof of the old homestead in which I was born. Watching my father's face, as I was wont to do, I remember seeing thereon signs of pain and sorrowful regret. He, too, had first seen the light in the old Manor House, as had also his father and his father's father. Is it any wonder then that he should be sad, very sad, at turning his back upon the only home he had ever known, a home crowded with life-long associations? I remember, too, how that at the close of that day we sat outside in the old garden, my father, at least, gazing wistfully at the walls which would so soon cease to shelter us—walls thickly veiled with roses, white jasmine, and trails of golden-trumpeted honeysuckle. Somehow, young as I was, I seemed to realise how greatly my father would miss these things. He was very quiet as we sat there. And thus we lingered till the many, many worlds above us grew brighter, whilst our own shadowy earth grew yet more dark. Anon, and again I remember that above our heads a lattice stood open, and through it came the sounds of singing. It was the voice of my mother, dove-like and soothing, neither very sweet nor very powerful, but soft and full of peace. She was in the guest-chamber seeing that all was right, and maybe singing to relieve her feelings; and thus she sang:—

Light after darkness, gain after loss,
 Strength after weakness, crown after cross;
 Sweet after bitter, hope after fears,
 Home after wanderings, praise after tears.

The window was gently closed, and from a bush close by there came one melancholy thrush-call, a note, as it seemed, of sorrowful farewell—then all was still. It may have

been the glitter of the starlight I saw in my father's eyes, but I think it was the burden of tears. He heaved a deep sigh, and rising, quickly strode down the cobbled path to the gateway. There for a long time he stood, whilst I, grieving because he grieved, durst not follow him nor disturb him. So, in some like manner, has many another of Mereham's villagers sorrowed on leaving their old homes—sorrowed in such way that even the blithest house-warmings elsewhere have been but poor shows, pitiful make-believes at rejoicing.

Happily, all Mereham home-leavings are not of so sad a nature as the one just narrated, nor, as I have already said, are all house-warmings dependent upon house-leavings; oftenest they follow upon some slight structural change, or inconsequent addition, as, for example, the one I am now about to recount.

It came to pass, as the old chroniclers put it, that the front wall of Sam Pigstock's tenement had so seriously bulged that the dwelling was no longer deemed safe for occupation. Two hundred and fifty years is a long time for a cottage to stand, even if built as buildings were wont to be. The condemned portion of the house therefore was taken down and erected anew without greatly disturbing the occupants. The quaint lattice windows were, alas, replaced by those of the modern sash type, a circumstance which caused Levi Such to remark that Sam was now "quality." When the work was finished, Pigstock invited a few of his friends to a "house-warming do" in honour of the event.

On the day in question old Jerry Fryer, thinking a little decorative touch or two would befit the occasion, borrowed a large text from the church bearing the words, "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving." This he displayed over the doorway of the cottage. Norley, the

village half-wit, not to be outdone, loaned from the chapel, without leave, what he conceived to be a similar object of decoration, a card inscribed "Pew rents are now due," and straightway hung it under the other device. For this and a subsequent act Sam threatened to have Norley locked up, but the poor simpleton exclaimed: "Nay, Sam, they conna lock me up, ye know; aw'm none reet!"

For weeks previous to this function Pigstock had been rehearsing a masterpiece on his trombone, and now, whilst the guests were assembling, he regaled them with the result. Sam's musical item should have been a solo, but Bracegirdle, who had brought his big drum, insisted upon taking part in the performance. The drummer, with legs well apart, placed his instrument on the round table, upsetting Jerry's beer in the process, and with the first flourish of his drumstick knocking one of the pot dogs off the chest of drawers. "Theer," said Jerry, "that'll ne'er bark again." And Mrs. Pigstock, gathering up the broken pieces, muttered: "It does'na matter," though her looks were not in accord with her words.

This accident so flustered Bracegirdle that he was unable thereafter to keep in stroke with the trombone, and Sam, nodding his head to beat time, rapped first one and then another on the head with his trumpet, occasionally varying the performance by rattling the pots in the corner cupboard, till the audience were fain to seek refuge from the duettists in the front garden. Thence they peered through the window at the musicians, who bye and bye concluded their piece with mutual recriminations for not "keepin' toime."

"So far so good," commented the old road-mender by way of making himself agreeable; "but, aw say, Sam, if yo'd ha bin at it much longer yo'd ha wanted another new front in th' cottage. What a pity yo didna live in Jerico

times, Pigstock; one blast o' yo'r tromboon 'ud ha fetched th' walls down wi'out th' trouble o' walkin' round."

Bracegirdle wisely took his drum home before any evil befel it. Hignett wanted to make a table of it. 'Said he: "If it's good enoo to play a tattoo on, it's reet enoo to play dominoes on."

Returning, the drummer called in at the cobbler's to beg a piece of wax, intending therewith to repair the ornament he had broken. Proceeding to melt this commodity at Pigstock's kitchen fire, before which, the *piece-de-resistance* of the evening, a seething dish of cheese and bacon was cooking, the wax accidentally dropped from his fingers, and was speedily dissolved among the homely viands. Bracegirdle, mentioning nothing of this mishap, determined within himself to have none of "that tatchin'-end stuff."

As a matter of fact, the unfortunate drummer pleaded indisposition during supper, saying: "Aw'd rather ha' a couple o' poached eggs; they dunna indigest me so much as cheese does."

"*Poached eggs*," exclaimed Mrs. Pigstock; "eh, mon, th' keeper sees to it that we ha' no poached eggs here. Winna honest-getten eggs do as weel?" And the good lady, with a look of shocked virtue on her face, glanced at Kelso, the gamekeeper, and hastened to prepare the desired dish.

The tables were plentifully furnished with substantial fare. There was a sirloin of cold beef, contributed by the Rector—Pigstock was his favourite sidesman—there was also a huge piece of pork, Sam's own rearing, and very fat, whilst of garden-stuff, country-baked bread, cakes, pasties, and what-not besides, well—even the window recesses had to be utilised to contain them all. But the most evident item, standing on a buffet near the fire, was

what I have described as the *piece-de-resistance* of the feast, an immense dish of hissing, smell-dominating cheese and bacon. Add to all this a long row of well-filled Toby jugs standing ready to replenish the glasses ere they were emptied; and you will agree with me that the old road-mender's sentiments were excusable when he gave it that, "Thoose can goo to Canaan what loikes, but aw'm content enoo down here so long as aw've gotten so mony good things around me."

In due course, after a deal of clatter and confusion, all the guests were served. The formality of "grace" was dispensed with, partly because it was impossible to get silence, and partly on account of Jimmy Baker offering to whistle it afterwards with variations. It was a sight indeed; every moment each countenance grew more and more good-tempered-looking, redder and redder in hue, and withal more greasy.

During a brief lull in the hubbub, Bracegirdle, with a loud splutter, was heard to ejaculate: "By gosh, Sam, but this cold beef's rare and hot!"

"Weel, mon," replied Pigstock, "tha shouldna tak so much mustard wi' it."

"Oh, it's th' mustard, is it?" rejoined Bracegirdle; "when aw axed th' schoomester theer, he tow'd me it wur a condiment, so aw clapped a spoonful i' my mouth wi' th' beëf t' see how aw loiked it. Aw ne'er tasted it afore, an' aw ne'er want t' taste it again. It's made my throat welly loike a bakehouse oven; let's ha a sope more ale t' sleek it wi'."

The only seeming discordant note came from old Hignett, the village tailor, who, in a loud whisper, observed to Jerry Fryer that, "It wur a pity all th' things wur put on th' table at once, for," said he, "aw've no sooner gotten a plate o' beef than aw wish aw'd had pork, an' when

aw've gotten pork aw repent me aw hadn't axed for cheese an' bacon, an'——"

"Why, Hignett," broke in Jerry, "that's th' beauty on it to my mind, for aw sees 'xactly what there is to goo at, an' aw' cuts my coat accordin' to my cloth, yo understand. What a job it 'ud be, to be sure, if aw happent geet full afore aw'd tasted th' pork or th'——"

"Ale," concluded Hignett, who had noted that Jerry's glass had been emptied for the fifth time already.

The supper was thus in right earnest progress when a vigorous knocking was heard at the door, followed by the hearty voice of Tummus Broadside ejaculating: "Why, Sam, th' front o' yo'r house looks loike th' big stained-glass window in th' church;" and then as Sam made his appearance he continued: "Aw could ne'er gradely make out what that window meant; it's crom full o' animals an' a woppin' hencote for um to goo into. What does it all mean?"

"Why, it's a pictur' o' Noah's Ark, to be sure," replied Pigstock; "didna yo know, Tummus?"

"Naw aw didna' by gom," returned Broadside; "aw allays thowt it wur Wombwell's Circus!"

Tummus did not require much persuading to join the house-warming party; and when the supper was disposed of, and every face glowed with solid satisfaction, it was Tummus who was called upon to set the speech-ball rolling. It will be remembered that Mr. Broadside is not a ready speaker before an audience, but in the present case, being unwishful to disappoint his friends, he made an effort to deliver himself in some more or less suitable manner. Putting his pipe in his vest pocket, and his billycock on his head—the tables were so crowded with jugs and glasses there seemed no other place to put it—the burly farmer began:—

"Weel, aw s'pose Pigstock's foine an' glad to see us aw

here, and here we shall aw stop as lung as th' drink lasts. We are aw pleased he's got a new front in his shirt—aw mean in his house. Weel, aw s'pose he's foine an' glad to sees us aw, an' here we shall—weel we're glad he's gotten a new front—that is, aw s'pose he's foine an'——”

Here Jerry Fryer, who was a bit piqued at not being asked to speak first, broke in: “Geet on wi' thy tale, Tummus, an' dunna keep on gooin' in at th' same hole as tha cooms out on.”

Broadside stopped, and, regarding the road-mender for a few seconds, remarked: “Weel, Jerry, if tha con mend it tha'rt welcome.” So saying, with a good-humoured air, Tummus sat down, looking well pleased that his duty had terminated in so timely a manner.

Before Jerry could take advantage of the pause Pigstock rose, and suggested that, pending the arrival of a fresh supply of beverage, he should play “Praise God from Whom all Blessings flow” to liven the company up. Hignett thought he had better wait “till th' stuff had coom afore returnin' thanks,” whilst Mrs. Pigstock vetoed the suggestion on the ground that she “didna want any more pots broken.”

After the replenishing of the mugs the house-warming grew so literal that the new sash-windows had to be opened. At one of these a poor tramp appeared and besought alms. “Is that chap as thin as he looks, dun yo' think?” asked Tummus.

“Naw,” replied Jerry, “it's aw put on.”

The tramp was invited inside, and plied with such broken fare as remained. Sam, noticing that he drank with the air of an expert, enquired how much ale he could manage at one sitting. “Oh,” answered the tramp, “maybe half a barrel, but aw should want four or five gallon first to geet into practice.”

"Why, Sam," said Teethy, who had just come in, "that's on aw fours wi' Leggy Jack's wager to eat a leg o' mutton. He tried ten pound o' chops an hour aforehand to make sure he could do it."

When the tramp left, Mrs. Pigstock was uneasy as to what he might have taken with him, his pockets having a bulky look about them. Sam advised her not to be so suspicious, and reminded her how that Norley had once been blamed for stealing the Rector's tennis balls, but that the real culprit was an old hen which was afterwards discovered sitting on them.

"Aye, an' did hoo hatch rackets, Sam? Aw tell thee yon chap's taken aw th' stuff aw'd put by for to-morrow's dinner. We shall ha t' goo on short commons."

"Weel, weel," interposed Tummus, "better yarbs wheer love is——"

"Than stewed steak an' everlastin' bother," concluded Jerry.

The best of fellowship reigned within, and though there were no more set speeches, there was no lack of simply-expressed hopes that Sam would long enjoy his newly-fronted dwelling. Whilst in every part of the room droll stories and quaint wit kept every tongue and ear on the alert.

Leaving the revellers to their smoke and chatter, I betook myself to that part of the garden which trends round to the south side of the house. Here, amongst a luxuriant growth of nasturtiums and sweet-peas, I found a convenient resting-place, and one which commanded a view of the passing villagers.

In a while Norley came sauntering up, and halting, saluted me with one of his semi-intelligent grins. "What errand are you on now, Norley?" I enquired.

"To take this cow to Cuddyton," he replied.

"Which cow?" I asked.

"Eh, by gom, aw've left it behind me," said the dafty, and he hurried back towards Hannah Baines' shippon.

Close upon Norley's heels came the Squire's son, lately back from the university. It was hard to credit that this man of ultra self-possession was the frolicsome lad I had known him to be ten or twelve years before. Meantime he had qualified for a gentleman at Cambridge, learned to use gun and rod, bat and oar, and for the rest could construe, maybe, a Greek stanza. Now he wears an eye-glass, and drives tandem. Pulling up, he enquired the reason of Sam's social roystering. And learning the cause beckoned Pigstock out and placed within his palm a gold coin as his quota to the festivities.

The next passer attracted by the unusual commotion was the Curate, an especial friend of my own, and a favourite with every villager. Having leaned through the open window and genially saluted the house-warmers, the Curate seated himself beside me, and began to talk in that subdued way of his which is always so soothing, so full of rest. Scarcely two years of wedded happiness had been his ere he stood beside an open grave looking for the last time upon the oaken casket which held the earthly form of one who had been all the world to him. Within another short year the night of sadness had deepened still further about him. His one child—one solace, was also beckoned upwards, and remained unto him as a memory only. Ah, but what a memory, such an one as none but those can know who have received at the great Father's hands surely that sweetest of all gifts, the love of a little child.

When my reverend (none ever deserved that title better than he did) friend rose to go the dull red of the early

autumn sunset had burned itself out. The full harvest-moon had risen, in whose light the pale, serious face of the Curate appeared seamed with lines of grievous recollections, and there was the glitter of tears in his eyes as he bade me good-night; my heart responding, followed him.

What contrasts are ever with us. We turn from the light-hearted, and lo! we are face to face with the broken-hearted.

Within the now illumined room my jovial friends were still exuberant with harmless merriment. Though considerable ale had been consumed, it was of that kind called "harvest," whose effect produced nothing worse than a little wholesome elation. I did not again enter the room, but stood with elbow on the broad stone sill listening to the babel of noisy voices, and trying to disentangle the various stories in course of telling at the same time.

Now it was Jerry, with a sly twinkle, addressing Jim Foxley: "Aw say, Jim, aw hear black Liz has jilted thee; is it true?"

"Naw that's not it exactly," replied Jim; "it wur nobbut a matter o' us tastes not agreein'. Aw loiked her weel enoo, but hoo loiked somebody else, do yo see?"

Again, it was Tummus urging Hignett on with some whimsical extravagance which he likened to Dick's hat-band that went round "nine toimes an' wouldna tie at th' finish."

Or, it was Teethy relating how that a certain farmer had given up his holding and become a genius.

"And what sort of a trade is that?" enquired Pigstock.

"Oh, a very poor un, Sam, judging from what aw've seen," answered Teethy; "some on um connna even afford to geet their hair cut."

Bracegirdle affirmed that he had read about genius in

the Bible, but being taken to task regarding it, it was found he meant Genesis!

Anon, and I heard someone informing Kelso of several religious riots that had recently taken place in London, at which the keeper expressed his gratitude on being born in a Christian country, "wheer there wur nowt worse than camp-meetin's."

The old road-mender, rising to go, picked up somebody else's hat, which, being too small, he was unable to get on. He would not admit his mistake, but said it was owing to various lumps at the back of his head.

"What lumps are thoose, Jerry?" asked Tummus Broadside.

"Weel it happent a thissens," said Jerry, sitting down again, "last Christmas th' steward sent me a goose from th' hall, an' it wur such a tough un that every toime aw sprized a bit off wi' my teeth aw banged th' back o' my yead again th' wall an' raised such lumps that they have na gone down yet."

"Weel, weel," mused Tummus; "but if aw'd bin thee, Jerry, aw'd a takken it out o' him for that trick."

"Aye an' so aw did," averred Jerry. "He wur talkin' to me in th' road one day when th' Squire beckoned him for t' show him a tree he wanted down. Th' steward left his gun again th' hedgeback, an' woile he wur away aw extracted th' shot. When he coom back aw bet him half-a-crown he couldna hit a big rabbit that wur bobbin' about th' meadow forty or fifty yards off. When he fired o' course th' rabbit scuttled off none hurt, an' aw pocketed my half-crown and scuttled off too."

"Talkin' about th' steward," said Jimmy Baker, who had heard this last story, "he once sent me wi' a private letter to Hartford, an' towed me he wanted nobody to know what wur in it. Now how could aw know that nobody

knowed what wur in it unless aw knowed mysel, so aw oppened it an' read it. An', would ye believe me when aw geet back an' tow'd him he actually called me a foo!"

"Weel, Jimmy, tha'll tak no more letters to that chap at Hartford, for they tell me he's defunct," observed Levi Such, mightily pleased at being able to get in so big a word.

"That's a lie," retorted Jimmy, "for he's dead, so how can he be defunct aw should loike to know. Con ye tell me why he allays wore such a big hat, Levi?"

"Naw aw conna."

"Why, because he'd gotten such a big head o' course," said Jimmy, who, setting off towards home, could be heard whistling "No more the bugle calls the weary on," long after he had passed out of sight.

Accompanied by old Tummus, I made my adieux and then my way in the direction of the Manor Farm, but, before turning therein I loitered about the lane end watching Sam's guests as, one by one, they passed out of his gateway and wended their several ways homewards.

The "house-warming do" had been a thorough success from everybody's point of view except Mrs. Pigstock's. She was disappointed that they had been unable to get the front garden, of which she was more than commonly proud, in order before the date of the affair just concluded. The last thing I heard in the quiet lane was her shrill voice giving it, that "the next toime we have th' house new-fronted it shall be done at th' back!"

A deep stillness followed this paradoxical pronouncement. Everywhere the silent land lay wrapped in a sheet of luminous haze, for a mist had arisen, and it was full moon. For a long time I sat at my window thinking, thinking that rude though these rural feasts may be in some respects, they lack nothing in honesty of purpose,

nothing in native good-feeling, expressed though these things may be by homely quip and uncultured speech. They are examples of how man, however humbly circumstanced, may brighten the life of his fellows. As for myself, the memory of the Cheshire village house-warming I have herein recounted abides with me, an unfailing pleasure.

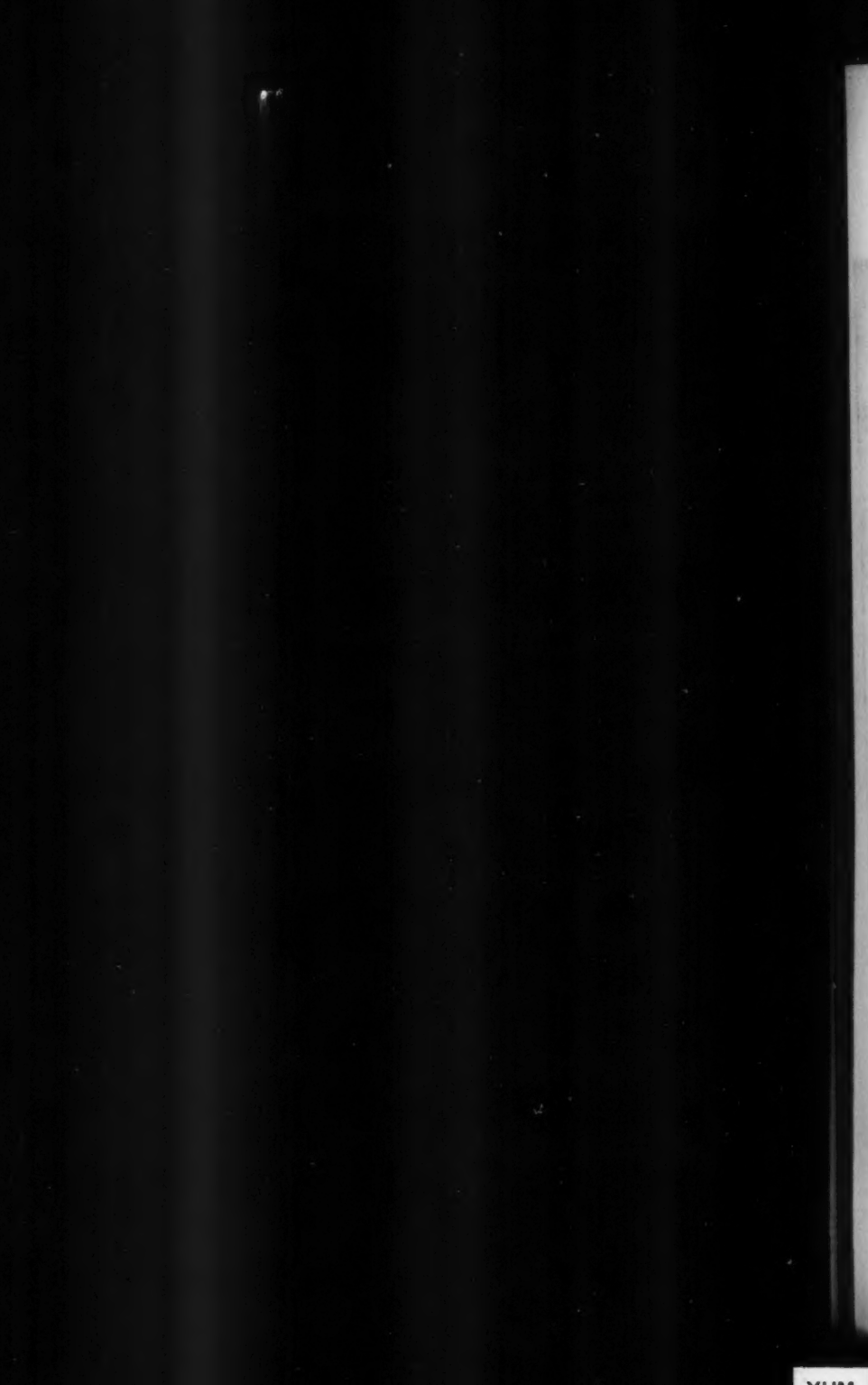




WILLIAM HAZLITT AND WINTERSLOW.

By JOHN MORTIMER.

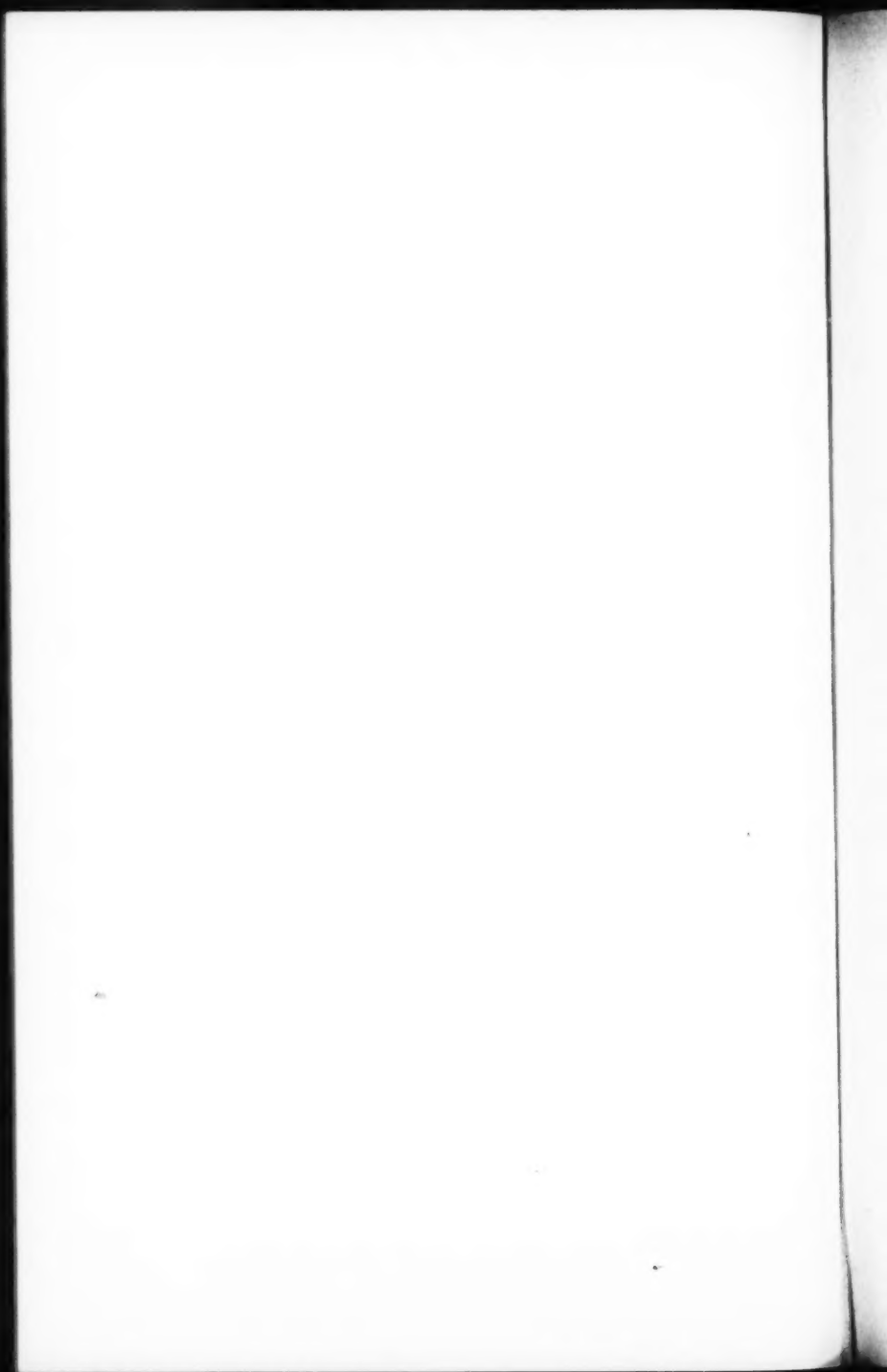
“PUT up a picture in your room,” says Leigh Hunt, and the advice of the genial essayist is worth following. Among the pictorial adornments that serve to brighten the walls of my sitting-room is a print of Winterslow Hutt, near Salisbury Plain. It came to me as a gift from the late Alexander Ireland, and is a copy of the one which is to be seen in the large paper edition of that author’s selections from the writings of William Hazlitt. The donor of the print was an old and honoured member of the Manchester Literary Club, and the volume with which it is associated was one of his most notable achievements. Of that group of essayists represented by Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt and William Hazlitt, there was never a more devoted or assiduous student and admirer. He was one of their chief expositors; he had imbibed the spirit of each of them, and they became, as it were, his intimates, prominent and enduring among the authors that he loved. To Hazlitt he gave years of study, producing first a bibliography of him for private circulation, and then proceeding to bring out this volume of selections, to which he prefixed a lengthened memoir, biographical and critical. When it appeared the





WINTERSLOW HUTT.

From the large paper edition of Mr. Alex. Ireland's volume on Wm. Hazlitt, by permission of Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co.



book came up for review in the Club, and therefore nothing in that direction need now be said save to refer to the opinion regarding it expressed at the time by Professor Masson in a note appended to De Quincey's disquisition on Hazlitt: "No one has done so much as Mr. Ireland to maintain, or indeed to resuscitate the memory of Hazlitt, and probably the best and fullest information of all kinds now easily accessible about Hazlitt is that which will be found in Mr. Ireland's recent publication."

As an essayist Hazlitt's literary output was large—how modest in bulk seems that of Charles Lamb beside it—so voluminous indeed as to justify a judicious selection. His essays and lectures in a goodly number of volumes help to fill my shelves, and in ear-markings and other conditions display satisfactory evidence of frequent use and reference. In reading him, as I have been doing pretty freely of late, I have often turned to the print on the wall, with the result, eventually, of finding in it the genesis of this short article. In its association with his literary life that wayside inn is not only a notable landmark, but suggestive, as it seems to me, of some of the most attractive features in his character as an author. As Mr. Augustine Birrell says, "Wem, in Shropshire, and Winterslow Hutt, by Salisbury Plain, were two places of joy in his self-tormenting, self-rejoicing life, and so well has he succeeded in infecting them with his own delight that it is hard to be dull at Wem or indifferent at Winterslow."

It is a matter for regret with me that when I visited Salisbury Plain I did not make a pilgrimage to the Hutt, but happily Mr. Ireland did, and he has not only given one a print of the place, but a word-picture of his own, descriptive of it as he found it about 1889. He says:—"It is on the old coach-road between London and Salisbury, and near the sixth milestone from that cathedral town.

In the old days, before railways, the London coach stopped here to change horses, and the traveller could find good cheer and accommodation if required. Now it is a desolate place, fallen into decay, and tenanted by a labouring man and his family, cultivating a farm of some thirty acres, and barely able to make a living out of it. In winter two or three weeks will sometimes elapse without either a beggar, or tramp, or cart passing the door. On the ground-floor, looking out upon a horse pond, flanked by two old lime-trees, is a little parlour, which was once probably used by Hazlitt as his sitting-room. At the other end of the house is a large empty room, formerly devoted to cock-fighting matches, and single-stick combats, in which he who first brought blood from his adversary's head was pronounced victor. It was with a strange and eerie feeling that I contemplated this little parlour, and pictured to myself the many solitary evenings during which Hazlitt sat in it, enjoying copious libations of his favourite beverage, tea (for during the last fifteen years of his life he never tasted alcoholic drinks of any kind), perhaps reading 'Tom Jones' for the tenth time, or enjoying one of Congreve's comedies, or Rousseau's 'Confessions,' or writing, in his large flowing hand, a dozen pages of the essay 'On Persons one would wish to have seen,' or 'On Living to One's Self.' One cannot imagine any retreat more consonant with the feelings of this lonely thinker, during one of his periods of seclusion, than this out-of-the-world place in which I stood. In winter time it must have been desolate beyond description, on wild nights especially—'heaven's chancel vaults' blind with sleet—the fierce wind sweeping down from the bare wolds around, and beating furiously against the windows of the unsheltered hostelry."

Turning now to the consideration of the solitary student

of this solitary hostelry, I may frankly make confession here that, though Hazlitt as an author is among my favourites, he does not, in his personality, draw very largely upon my affections. We know the story of his life, which, though on his deathbed he said had been a happy one, was, in many of its phases, ill-regulated, and expressive of a turbulent spirit; we are aware of his unfortunate marriages, his disturbed domestic relationships, and his unhappy love-makings in other directions. From a variety of sources one gets the impression that there was undoubtedly something about Hazlitt which was repellent rather than attractive. Women did not like him, and grew weary of his companionship. His outward manner was not gracious. "If anyone insisted upon shaking hands with him he held out something" (so Leigh Hunt complained) "like the fin of a fish." He was quarrelsome, or had the discredit of being considered so, and something has been said to the effect that when he put his hand in his bosom he seemed to be fumbling for a dagger. That as an author he should have had differences with other authors was not a defect peculiar to himself. There was one interruption in his friendship with Lamb, but such interruptions took place also between the gentle Elia and his friends Coleridge and Southey. In these disturbed periods, it was customary for one or other of the parties concerned to state his grievances in a letter; a memorable specimen of this kind of epistle is the one from Lamb to Southey. Hazlitt disliked letter writing, and avoided it on all possible occasions, consequently very little of his correspondence is forthcoming. He wrote a letter, however, to Leigh Hunt, who had got angry with him regarding what he considered an unjustifiable criticism of Shelley, and in a postscript to that epistle Hazlitt appends these significant words: "I want to know why

everybody has such a dislike to me." Nevertheless, as Charles Lamb cherished his friendship, though he regretted that he had not a better temper and a smoother head of hair, and found him to be, "in his natural and healthy state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing," one is more than content to accept this estimate of him, on his better side, coming as it does from such a wise and worthy source.

Hazlitt, as we have seen, was keenly conscious of the unfavourable impression he made upon his friends, and in view of this he seems to put in a personal plea for a more generous judgment, when, in one of his essays, dealing with the identity of the author with his books, he says: "Let us give the devil his due. An author, I grant, may be deficient in dress or address, may neglect his person and his fortune—

But his soul is fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.

He may be full of inconsistencies elsewhere, but he is himself in his books." Taking this standpoint, it is possible to get from his books a better Hazlitt than that of the outward presentation. To accomplish this a general review of them is impossible in the present instance, so we cannot do better than select the one which bears the name of "Winterslow," with which the print of Winterslow Hutt is linked by a natural association. In so naming the volume his son tells us that the essays contained in it were written there, "as indeed practically were very many of his works, for it was there that most of his thinking was done." Within the limits of this comparatively small volume one gets a fairly representative presentation of the essayist, both in his personality and work. Of his life and literary efforts it is a sort of Alpha and Omega. The

opening essay, "My First Acquaintance with the Poets," deals with his youthful days at Wem, and the closing one, "A Farewell to Essay Writing," shows us the solitary student seated in his hostelry reviewing his past life and looking forward to the end.

Hazlitt's acquaintance with Winterslow began when he married Miss Stoddart, and took up his abode there, in a cottage which formed part of a little estate which belonged to her. After three years' residence at Winterslow the Hazlitt household was moved to London, and thereafter, whenever our essayist re-visited the neighbourhood, which he frequently did, the Hutt was his chosen place of sojourning. Hazlitt was on one side of his nature a lonely man, and from his self-withdrawn musings we get the best that was in him. An inn was a congenial bidding-place; we get glimpses of him from time to time in this aspect, and, like the gentleman in the play of "The Stranger," he is always reading. In that delightful essay, "On going a Journey," he says: "I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room, but out-of-doors nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone I like solitude when I give myself up to it for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

. . . . a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet."

And then, regarding the pleasures to be tasted in an inn solitude, he says: "I remember sitting up half the night to read 'Paul and Virginia,' which I picked up at an inn in Bridgwater, after being drenched in the rain all day, and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame D'Arblay's 'Camilla.' It was on the 10th of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the new 'Heloise' at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry

and a cold chicken." The date is made precise here because it was his birthday.

Winterslow, became, in a large measure, his favourite place of study. Mr. Proctor says, "When he was about to write his 'Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the age of Elizabeth,' he knew little or nothing of the dramatists of that time, with the exception of Shakespeare. He spoke to Charles Lamb and to myself, who were supposed by many to be well acquainted with these ancient writers. I lent him about a dozen volumes comprehending the finest of the old plays, and he then went down to Winterslow Hutt, in Wiltshire, and after a stay of six weeks came back to London fully impregnated with the subject, with his thoughts fully made up upon it, and with all his lectures written." Of the conditions under which he did his work he says: "There are neither picture galleries nor Theatres Royal where I write this; but here, even here, with a few old authors, I can manage to get through the summer or the winter months without ever knowing what it is to feel *ennui*. They sit with me at breakfast, they walk out with me before dinner. After a long walk through unfrequented tracks, after starting the hare from the fern or hearing the wing of the raven rustling above my head, or being greeted by the woodman's stern 'Good-night,' as he strikes into his narrow homeward path, I can take mine ease at mine inn, beside the blazing hearth, and shake hands with Signor Orlando Friscobaldo, as the oldest acquaintance I have. Ben Jonson, learned Chapman, Master Webster and Master Heywood are there, and seated round, discourse the silent hours away. Shakespeare is there himself, not in Cibber's manager's coat. Spenser is hardly yet returned from a ramble through the woods, or is concealed behind a group of nymphs, fawns, and satyrs.

Milton lies on the table, as on an altar, never taken up or laid down without reverence. Lyly's Endymion sleeps with the moon that shines in at the window, and a breath of wind stirring at a distance seems a sigh from the tree under which he grew old."

To return, however, to the Winterslow essays, we learn of his first acquaintance with Coleridge at Wem, and how, under his influence, the soul within him which had hitherto been dumb, found eloquent utterance. He says: "Till I began to paint or till I became acquainted with the author of 'The Ancient Mariner,' I could neither write nor speak." He must have been an attractive youth in those days, inasmuch as Coleridge, the guest of the elder Hazlitt, was pleased to say of the son, after one of his lengthened monologues, that he had been conversing for two hours "with William Hazlitt's forehead." Hazlitt gives us a graphic portrait of Coleridge at the time, with a touch in it characteristic of himself. After telling us that "a certain tender bloom his face o'erspread," he says: "His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent, his chin good-humoured and round, but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing—like what he has done." He tells us, too, of his first acquaintance with Wordsworth at Nether Stowey, the poet presenting himself there gaunt, like Don Quixote, and clad in a brown fustian jacket and striped pantaloons. Southey he first saw with a commonplace book under his arm, and Lamb with a *bon mot* in his mouth. One feels pretty certain that if Hazlitt had any affection for a man it was for Lamb, of whom he always speaks admiringly. We have an essay in the book "Of persons one would like to have seen," which is descriptive of one of those gatherings in London of which Lamb was the central figure. The discussion among them is indicated by the

title of the essay; many names are submitted, and Elia, who has taken a prominent part, concludes it thus: " 'There is only one other person I can ever think of after this,' continues Lamb, without mentioning a name that once put on a semblance of mortality. 'If Shakespeare was to come into the room we should all rise up to meet him; but if that person was to come into it we should all fall down and kiss the hem of his garment!'"

There are self-revelations in these essays which throw much light upon Hazlitt's inner nature. His obstinacy in maintaining his opinions is undoubted, but his sincerity, one thinks, cannot be questioned. He says: "I should be an excellent man on a jury. I might say little, but should starve the other eleven obstinate fellows out." He tells us that if he has sacrificed his friends it has always been to a theory, and that he would quarrel with the best of them "sooner than acknowledge the absolute right of the Bourbons." There is a touch of pathos in the confession: "I have loitered my life away, reading books, looking at pictures, going to plays, hearing, thinking, writing on what pleased me best; I have wanted only one thing to make me happy, but wanting that have wanted everything."

Hazlitt was not a wide reader; De Quincey finds this weakness in him, and puts aside any claim to his being regarded as a scholar. To this impeachment our essayist himself confesses freely. In his discourse "On Public Opinion," he says: "To a want of general reading I plead guilty, and am sorry for it; but perhaps if I had read more I might have thought less. As to my barrenness of invention, I have at least glanced over a number of subjects—painting, poetry, prose, plays, books, men and things. There is some point, some fancy, some feeling, some taste, shown in treating of these." All this will be

conceded by his readers with the further admission that within his limits Hazlitt was versatile in a remarkable degree, and must rank among the most brilliant of English essayists. Of his writings he says that "they are not so properly the works of an author by profession, as the thoughts of a metaphysician expressed by a painter." This declaration, though brief, is comprehensive. Metaphysics form the basis of his mental exercises. His earliest studies took that direction, and his earliest published book, which it took him something like seven years to write, was concerning "The Principles of Human Action." He afterwards took to painting, pursuing the art assiduously, but without success. It is characteristic of him that it was to portraiture rather than landscape that his efforts were directed. It may be of the nature of a digression, but one would like to draw attention to the fact that he found his earliest subject for a portrait near Manchester. He refers to it at length in his essays "On the Pleasure of Painting," and elsewhere, and always with a reminiscential tenderness of regard. It was the head of an old woman, and the effect was to be of the Rembrandt kind, but it baffled him, and was never completed to his satisfaction. It is interesting to know that in his early days he spent a good deal of time in Manchester and Liverpool, and that he liked the Manchester cotton spinners better than the Liverpool merchants, the former being described by him as "hearty good fellows." He says: "I once lived on coffee (as an experiment) for a fortnight together while I was finishing the copy of a half-length portrait of a Manchester manufacturer, who died worth a plum. I rather slurred over the coat, which was reddish-brown, 'of formal cut,' to receive my five guineas, with which I went to market myself and dined on sausages and mashed potatoes, and while they were getting ready,

and I could hear them hissing in the pan, read a volume of 'Gil Blas,' containing the account of the fair Aurora. This was in the days of my youth. Gentle reader, do not smile! Neither Monsieur de Véry nor Louis XVIII., over an oyster-paté, nor Apicius himself ever understood the meaning of the word *luxury* better than I did at that moment."

When he ceased to be a painter in colours he became a painter in words, with his metaphysics to help him. Of his power in this new direction let "The Spirit of the Age" bear witness for portraiture, as may also the characters of Burke, Fox, Pitt and Chatham in this Winterslow volume.

More to the present purpose, however, is it to show how his Winterslow retreat stands to us as evidence of Hazlitt's real love for nature. In this respect he differed widely from Charles Lamb, who was unaffectedly indifferent to fields and flowers, and scarcely knew, or cared to know, the difference between a cowslip and a primrose. Says Hazlitt: "Give me the clear blue sky over my head and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! . . . Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over from here to yon craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon?" Under the influences of Nature Hazlitt grows eloquent; to all sweet sights and sounds he is finely sensitive, and in his utterances I fail to detect any note of affectation.

In attempting this slight delineation of him I have left him largely to speak for himself, to be his own exponent.

There seems no better way, for you cannot paraphrase him without spoiling the theme. Mr. Birrell found that out in writing his recently published volume on Hazlitt. One other illustration therefore let me give of his sensitiveness to beauty of sound, exquisite alike in feeling and expression. He says: "I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, skirted with willows and plashy sedges, in one of those low sheltered valleys on Salisbury Plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels and built hermits' cells. There was a little parish church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from my sight; when all of a sudden I was startled by the sound of the full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by rustic voices and the welling quire of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, 'like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumes!' The dew of a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness, the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death; fancy caught the sound, and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chant, and still swells upon the ear and wraps me in a golden trance drowning the noisy tumult of the world!"

In "A Farewell to Essay Writing" we get the last glimpse of Hazlitt at Winterslow. "This life is best, if quiet life is best," says he. He wishes for no companion, and is content with food, warmth, sleep and a book. It is winter time, the robin red-breast is pecking crumbs at the door, or warbling on the leafless spray, and occasionally the rich notes of the thrush may be heard. In the birds he recognises friends who have remained faithful to him. As he quaffs his libations of tea in the morning he watches the fleeting clouds from the west, for "the spring comes slowly up that way." He goes out for his usual walk

and seeks a neighbouring wood where he can be alone with nature and his own thoughts. He is in a reflective mood, and recalls his past life as easily, he says, as he can "by stooping over the long-sprent grass and clay cold clod, recall the tufts of primroses and purple hyacinths that formerly grew on the same spot." From this introspection he finds that amid all conditions, of change and apparent contradictions, he has been true and consistent to himself. He returns to his inn, and after dinner, by the fireside, reads Dryden, holding the small print close to his eyes, and recalls how, not far from the spot where he is, he first read Chaucer's "Flower and Leaf," and found in it a fresh young charm which he misses in Dryden's version. Here, too, as in the woodland, his thoughts are retrospective, and one of his pleasantest recollections is of a visit which Charles and Mary Lamb made to Winterslow in his early married days. He says: "I used to walk out at this time with Mr. and Miss Lamb of an evening to look at the Claude Lorraine skies over our heads, melting from azure into gold, and to gather mushrooms that sprung up at our feet, to throw into our hashed mutton at supper."

Doubtless to aid his fireside musings, there would be more libations of tea. In this indulgence, and in the solitude of his inn-parlour, he reminds one of De Quincey sitting by the fireside on a stormy winter night with the curtains drawn and the candles lit, reading German metaphysics in his cottage home at Grasmere, and drinking tea—which he regarded as "a refined stimulant"—from eight o'clock to four in the morning.

Here in his inn-parlour we must leave Hazlitt. It is an aspect of him that I like to dwell upon—the Hazlitt of solitude, for in so contemplating him much that was unfavourable about him fades from the recollection; and

after all, in dealing with our favourite authors, is it not desirable to get the best possible view of them as well as the best that was in them? Destructive criticism for its own sake is not to one's taste, for, as it has been wisely said, it is easier to pull down than to build up, and it is in building up rather than in pulling down that humanity finds its purest joy.



ECA DE QUEIROZ AND "THE CORRESPONDENCE
OF FRADIQUE MENDES."

By EDGAR PRESTAGE.

ECA DE QUEIROZ, the Portuguese writer, was born in 1846 and produced his first work of account in collaboration with the art-critic, Ramalho Ortigão, in the "Farpas," a series of satirical and humorous sketches of phases of Portuguese social life. He founded the Realist School in Portugal by a powerful book, "The Crime of Father Amaro," which appeared in 1875, though it was actually written in 1871, during his residence at Leiria as Administrador de Concelho. Entering the consular service in 1872, Queiroz thenceforth spent the greater part of his life abroad. In 1874 he was transferred to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and in 1876 to Bristol, and he wrote his great romance, "Cousin Basil" and "The Maias" in this country, though they show no signs of English influence.

In 1888 he went as Consul-General to Paris, and settling at Neuilly, the novelist became chronicler and critic as well, and in all these capacities displayed an originality, power, and artistic finish unequalled in the contemporary literature of Portugal. Many of his pages, like those containing the episode of the return to Tormes in "The City and the Mountains," a book held by some to be his masterpiece, are already ranked as classic examples of Portuguese prose, and as a creator of characters he was

unsurpassed by any European writer of his generation in the same field. Though he manifested a predilection for drawing types of the middle class because of their more representative nature and greater variety, his portrait gallery comprises men and women of all social conditions. The "Maías" treats of "fidalgos," while his most remarkable character study is that of a menial servant, Juliana in "Cousin Basil." This last book and "The Crime of Father Amaro," are "*chroniques scandaleuses*," but, considered from the artistic standpoint, they are also creative achievements of a high order. The description of country life in the North of Portugal contained in "The City and the Mountains," is full of truth and poetry, and proves that Queiroz could depict simple things with consummate skill and deep feeling. It is noteworthy that, though he was a keen satirist of social ills, his books contain no trace of pessimism, but rather exhale an air of exuberant vitality and animal joy, the explanation being that he regarded satire as a weapon, not as an end. "The Relic" shows the influence of his journey to Palestine, and exemplifies the versatility of the man, for he appears there as an idealist and dreamer, a representative of that Celtic tradition which survives in the race, and has permeated the literature of his country. "The Mandarin," a fantastic variation of the old theme of a man self-sold to Satan, exhibits great imaginative power, but "The Correspondence of Fradique Mendes" will appear to many as the most fascinating volume he ever wrote, because it has in it so much of his very attractive personality. In conjunction with the poet Anthero de Quental and the critic Jayme Batalha Reis, now Consul-General of Portugal in London, Queiroz invented this smart man of the world, and made him write letters on all kinds of subjects to imaginary friends and relatives, to the delight of the public, many of

whom saw in him a mysterious new writer whose identity they were eager to discover. One of these letters is translated here to enable English readers to judge of Queiroz as a letter writer and satirist, since limitations of space make it impossible to present him as a novelist. The prototype of Pacheco may be found perhaps in the statesman Fontes, and the secret of Pacheco's influence in a country where every man is more or less of an orator, lay in the fact that he hardly ever spoke. Though the actual Pacheco never existed, yet now, as Disraeli said of Don Quixote, "he lives for us"—thanks to the talent of Eça de Queiroz.

His romances and short stories call for a translator. So far, the only versions that exist in English are one of "Cousin Basil" (Boston U.S.A., 1889) now out of print, one of "Sweet Miracle" already in its third edition, and one of "Our Lady of the Pillar" ("O Defunto"), recently published by Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co.

Here is the letter referred to above:—

To M. E. Mollinet,

Director of the Biographical & Historical Review.
Paris. September.

My dear M. Mollinet.

On my return from Fontainebleau last night I found a letter from your learned self asking in the name and interests of *The Biographical and Historical Review* who is this compatriot of mine, Pacheco (José Joaquim Alves Pacheco), whose death is being so widely and bitterly bemoaned in the Portuguese press, and you further desire to know what achievements, or foundations, or books, or ideas, or what increment to Portuguese civilisation were bequeathed by this Pacheco, whom such sounding and reverent tears have followed to the tomb.

I knew Pacheco casually and have before me, as in a resumé, his personality and life. Pacheco gave his country not a single achievement, foundation, book or idea. Pacheco was superior and illustrious among us only because *he had an immense talent*. And yet, my dear M. Mollinet, this talent, so proudly acclaimed by two generations, never gave a positive express and visible manifestation of its force. The immense talent of Pacheco remained always silent and retired in the depths of Pacheco! He passed through life, ever on the move from one social peak to another—Deputy, Director General, Minister, Governor of Banks, Councillor of State, Peer, Prime Minister. Pacheco *was* everything, *had* everything in this country which from afar and at his feet contemplated him, amazed at his immense talent. But in none of these posts did Pacheco ever find it necessary, either for his own advantage or for the urgencies of the State, to allow that immense talent which was suffocating his soul to display itself and work outside him. When friends, parties, newspapers, government offices, collective bodies, the compact mass of the nation, murmuring round Pacheco “What an immense talent”! invited him to enlarge its domain and fortune, Pacheco smiled, lowering his serious eyes behind his gold spectacles, and pursued his way, ever upwards, ever higher, from one institution to another, with his immense talent locked in his cranium as in a miser’s coffer. And this reserve, these smiles, these glittering spectacles sufficed the country, which felt and tasted in them the brilliant evidence of Pacheco’s talent.

This talent was born in Coimbra in the class of Natural Law on the morning when Pacheco, despising the “Sebenta”¹ asserted that “the 19th century was a century

1. The manuscript or lithographed lectures of the Professors, which after long use by the students, become dirty as if covered with suet (sebo).

of progress and light." His fellow students began at once to foresee and affirm in the Cafés of the Feira that Pacheco had great talents, and this admiration of his fellow students growing day by day and spreading, like all religious movements, from the impressionable multitude to the reasoning classes, from the young men to the Professors, gained Pacheco an easy prize at the end of the year. Thereupon the fame of this talent spread all over the University, which, seeing Pacheco always immersed in thought and already wearing spectacles, austere in his walk, and with stout commentaries under his arm, perceived the existence of a great mind concentrating and stiffening itself in inward strength. This generation of students, as it dispersed, carried with it through the country even to the remotest hamlets the news of the immense talent of Pacheco. And now in out of the way pharmacies in Trazos-Montes, and in gossiping barbers' shops in the Algarve, it was said with respect and hope: "So we have there a young fellow of immense talent called Pacheco, who has just taken his degree!"

Pacheco was ripe for Parliament and entered its bosom drawn in by a Government (I forget the one) which had succeeded at considerable expense and after many a stratagem in possessing itself of the precious talent of Pacheco. On the starry December night when the latter, now in Lisbon, repaired to the Café Martinho for tea and toast, an inquisitive whisper went round the tables: "That is Pacheco, the young fellow of immense talent!" And as soon as Parliament met, every eye, both on the Government and Opposition sides of the House, began to turn insistently, almost anxiously, towards Pacheco who, seated at the end of a bench, maintained the attitude of a recluse thinker, his arms crossed over his velvet waistcoat, his brow turned sideways, as though under the weight of the

riches it contained, and his spectacles glittering.

Finally one afternoon, when the reply to the King's Speech was under discussion, Pacheco moved as if to pull up a squint-eyed Priest who was haranguing about liberty. The Priest immediately stopped, full of deference; the shorthand writers eagerly strained their ears, and the whole House ceased its leisured whispers that the immense talent of Pacheco might display itself for the first time in a duly majestic silence. However, Pacheco did not squander his treasures at once. Standing up, with his finger thrust out (a mannerism characteristic of him), he affirmed, in a tone that betrayed an assurance of thought and intimate knowledge: "Authority must always coexist side by side with liberty!" It was little enough, certainly, but the House understood well that, beneath that brief resumé, there lay a world, a formidable world of solid ideas. He did not speak again for months—but his talent inspired the more respect, the more invisible and inaccessible it kept itself hidden in the depths, the rich and peopled depths of his being. The only resource then left to the devotees of this immense talent, (and they were already numberless), was to contemplate Pacheco's forehead, as one looks at the sky with the certainty that God is behind, disposing. The forehead of Pacheco presented a hairless surface, large and shining. And many a time, beside him, Councillors and Directors General muttered in their wonder, "No more is wanted! It is enough to see that forehead!" Pacheco straightway became a member of the principal Parliamentary Commissions, but, disdainful details, he never condescended to report upon a Bill. All he did was now and then in silence to take a slow note, and when he *did* emerge from his concentration, thrusting out his finger, it was to give forth some general idea on Order, Progress, Betterment or Economy. Here

was the evident attitude of an immense talent which, (as his friends said in secret, with a knowing wink of the eye), "is waiting up there, hovering!" For the rest, Pacheco himself, sketching with his fat hand the higher flight of a bird over thick woods, laid it down that "true talent ought only to know things superficially!"

This immense talent could not fail to assist the counsels of the Crown. In a recomposition of the Cabinet (brought about by a piece of peculation) Pacheco became Minister, and it was at once noticed how vastly his immense talent consolidated its power. In his portfolio (which was that of the Navy) Pacheco did not do "absolutely nothing" during the long months he filled it, as three or four bitter and narrowly positive minds insinuated, but for the first time, under this regime, the nation ceased to suffer doubt and uneasiness about our Colonial Empire. Why? Because it felt that at last the supreme interests of this Empire were confided to an immense talent, the immense talent of Pacheco. Seated on the Front Bench, Pacheco rarely departed from a replete and fruitful silence. At times, however, when the Opposition became clamorous, he unfolded his arms and slowly took a pencil note—and this note, traced with wisdom and the maturest thought, sufficed to confuse his opponents and force them to their seats. The fact is that the immense talent of Pacheco ended by inspiring a disciplinary terror in the House, Commissions, and political centres. Alas for the man upon whom that immense talent fell in anger; his humiliation was certain and irredeemable! One day a pedagogue proved it to his sorrow; he was bold enough to accuse the Minister of Home Affairs (Pacheco was then at the Home Office) of neglecting the instruction of the country. No accusation could be more hurtful to that great mind who, in his incisive succulent phrase, had taught that "a people without

Secondary Instruction is an incomplete people." Thrusting out his finger, (a mannerism characteristic of him), Pacheco crushed the rash man with this tremendous sentence: "I have only to say to the Hon. Member who censures me, that on matters of Public Instruction, while he makes a noise from those benches, I from my chair shed light!" I was there in the Gallery on this splendid occasion, and I never remember to have heard such impassioned and fervent rounds of applause in a human assembly. I believe it was a few days after this that Pacheco received the Grand Cross of the Order of S. Thiago.

The immense talent of Pacheco became little by little a national creed, and seeing what unshakeable support this talent lent to the institutions it served, all were anxious to secure it. Pacheco began to be a universal Director of Companies and Banks, and envied by the Crown, he penetrated into the Council of State. His own party eagerly called on him to become their leader, and even the other parties, with submissive reverence, had daily recourse to his immense talent. The nation little by little became concentrated in Pacheco.

And as he grew old and his influence and dignities increased, the country's admiration for his immense talent ended by taking certain forms of expression only proper to religion and love. When he was Prime Minister, there were devotees who pressed the palms of their hands to their breasts with unction, and turning the whites of their eyes to heaven, murmured piously, "What a talent!" Again there were admirers, who, closing their eyes and pressing a kiss on the ends of their clustered fingers, languorously stammered "Ah! what a talent!" And why hide it? There were others to whom that immense talent caused bitter irritation, as an excessive and disproportionate privilege. These latter I have heard shout out in their

fury, stamping on the ground, "Confound it! this is having too much talent!" Pacheco however had ceased to speak. He only smiled and each time his forehead grew larger.

I will not remind you of his incomparable career. It is enough for you, my dear M. Mollinet, to peruse our annals. In every institution, reform, foundation, work, you will find the name of Pacheco. The whole of Portugal, moral and social, is filled with Pacheco. Pacheco *was* all, *had* all. Certainly his talent was immense, but immense also was the gratitude his country showed. For the rest, Pacheco and Portugal mutually needed and completed one another. Without Portugal, Pacheco would not have been what he was among men, but, without Pacheco, Portugal would not be what she is among nations.

His old age was marked by an august character. He lost his hair, roots and all. He was all forehead. And more than ever he revealed his immense talent, even in the smallest things. I well remember one night (he was then Prime Minister) in the drawing room of the Countess of Arrôdes, when someone anxiously wished to know what he thought of Canovas del Castillo. Silently, majestically, with a smile only, he made a light horizontal cut in the air with his heavy hand. Immediately there rose around him a slow and wondering murmur of admiration. How many subtle, deeply-thought things were contained in that gesture. As for myself, after much searching, I interpreted it in this wise—"a mediocre, middle-sized man, M. Canovas." For mark you, my dear M. Mollinet, how that talent, while so vast, was at the same time so acute.

He burst. I mean he died, almost suddenly, without suffering, at the beginning of this hard winter. He was about to be created Marquis of Pacheco. The whole nation mourned him with infinite sorrow. He lies in St. John's Cemetery in a mausoleum on which, at the suggestion of

Councillor Accacio (in a letter to the *Diario de Noticias*) was sculptured a figure of Portugal weeping over genius!

Some months after Pacheco's death, I met his widow at Cintra in the house of Dr. Videira. She is a woman (my friends assure me) as intelligent as she is good. Fulfilling the duty of a Portuguese, I lamented, in the presence of this illustrious and affable lady, her irreparable loss and that of our country. But when I alluded with emotion to the immense talent of Pacheco, his widow, in quick astonishment, raised her eyes which she had kept lowered, and a fugitive, sad, almost pitying smile turned the corners of her pale mouth. Eternal discord of human destinies! This mediocre lady had never comprehended that immense talent.

Believe me, dear M. Mollinet,

Yours devotedly,

FRADIQUE.



THE SNOWDROP.

By

P. J. MULCAHY.

HOW solemn is the silence which prevails
Amid the lofty cliffs and hollow vales;
Hush'd! are the silver notes of lucid rills,
Which frozen, rest like diamonds on the hills;
Whilst ever and anon, along the dale,
The owl repeats its melancholy tale
To stricken trees, that mourn the foliage dead,
Which bitter Winter 'round their trunks hath spread;
Now cloudy volumes hurrying on their way
To shroud in sable robes the dying day
Do their deep funeral shadows throw
Ghost-like along the rugged earth below,
Whilst boisterous winds from 'neath the Northern skies
Subdue their clam'rous voices into sighs.
A wilderness of woe, congenial shrine,
Where haggard Grief in mis'ry deep may pine,
But from no solitary spot derive
A tinge of joy to keep Hope's flame alive!
Sear'd by a stern, immutable decree
By that Almighty Force which bade it be,
'Twould seem. But no! as some pure beaming star
In lonely radial splendour shines afar,
Cheers on the traveller o'er the dreary plain,
And lights the mariner athwart the main,
Behold! the Snowdrop, from its glist'ning bed,
A modest beauty, lifts its lovely head!
Salutes with graceful mien the passing wind,
In language sweet peculiar to its kind,
Breathes consolation, heralding the spring,
When brooks and birds their merry music sing.
And foliage green shall deck the naked trees,
As from the South, on soft and balmy breeze,
With flowers and fragrance, the summer Queen
Shall come to nourish and adorn the scene,
And with her Heaven-gifted sceptre forth,
Wave all the dormant riches of the earth
Amid harmonic raptures to resume
Their ripen'd beauty and supernal bloom!

